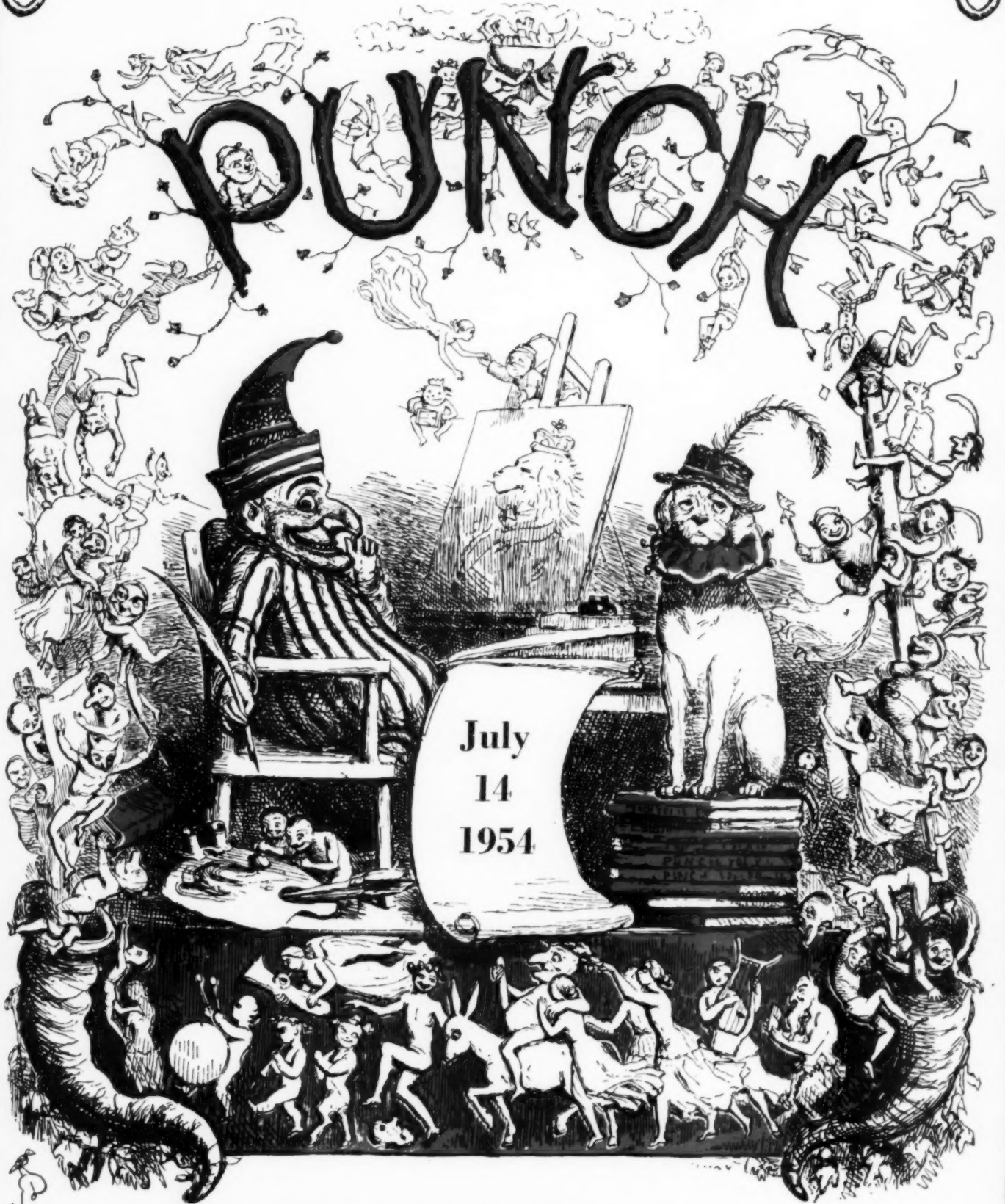


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—July 14 1954

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You're probably wanting to ask:*

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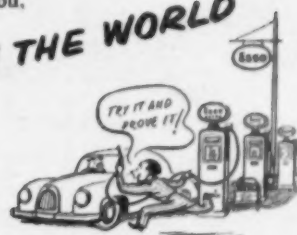
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at the races . . .

thought the jockeys were so beautifully dressed for their photo-finish that the horses looked positively bare beside them, poor things. Such hot work too—running round like mad. Pity they couldn't enjoy a nice cool BritviC like we lucky humans—
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G.R.G.

THOMAS HENRY COTTON, M.B.E., was born in Cheshire and educated at Alleyn's School. Played in the first Boys' Golf Championship in 1921. Winner three times of the British Open; also won Open Championships of Germany (three years in succession), Belgium, Italy, Czechoslovakia and France. Twice captained Britain's Ryder Cup team. After being invalided out of the R.A.F. in 1943 he organised 130 golf matches from which £70,000 was collected for war charities. Recreations: gardening (not on the links) and driving (on the highway as well as on the fairway).



"My Daily Mail" by HENRY COTTON

"OF COURSE I LIKE THE DAILY MAIL. If you are British, if you like fair play and appreciate sportsmanship, I do not see how you can fail to like this fairminded newspaper.

My father always took the Daily Mail. I followed his example—at first, I suppose, from custom; but now it is part of my day to see what the Mail says about everything.

What pleases me most? The general appearance of the paper, for a start—the print, the photographs,

the ease with which you find your way about its columns. Then it has many feature articles which interest me. And the sports pages, I think, are great; I wouldn't miss reading them for worlds.

I notice, too, that the Daily Mail is always ready to encourage the *young* sportsman. If this country is to have a future in sport at least as successful as its past we must give all the support we can to young players. I appreciate the Daily Mail's helpful attitude."

Sleepers Cheaper!

From the 1st July, 1954, the charges for Wagons-Lits supplements, 1st, 2nd and 3rd class, are reduced by up to 30%, according to destination and class, on journeys between Calais, Boulogne or Paris and Switzerland or Austria.

Full details and prices may be obtained from any travel agency.

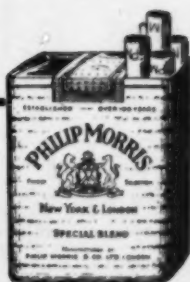
Travel by train



Lord Stout, while Ministers of State
Express their fury in debate,
Presents his case with rightful pride
For PHILIP MORRIS are inside.

... they have no peer
at 3/9 for 20!

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St. Raphaël is the real French wine-
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White-wall tyres, optional extra.

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Superb acceleration

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ALL THE LUXURY, the comfort, the built-in quality of a truly great car—and over 80 m.p.h. too! The quick, live power of a 20% more powerful overhead valve engine gives vivid, exciting acceleration. Larger brakes give greater safety even with all the extra power—numerous detail refinements give even smoother and quieter running—all for no extra cost! You must test its brilliant new features—see its new styling details, measure its big-car comfort and luxury—yourself. Ask your Humber dealer to arrange a trial run. And with **OVERDRIVE** (optional extra) still more miles per gallon, still better top gear performance. Less engine wear too.

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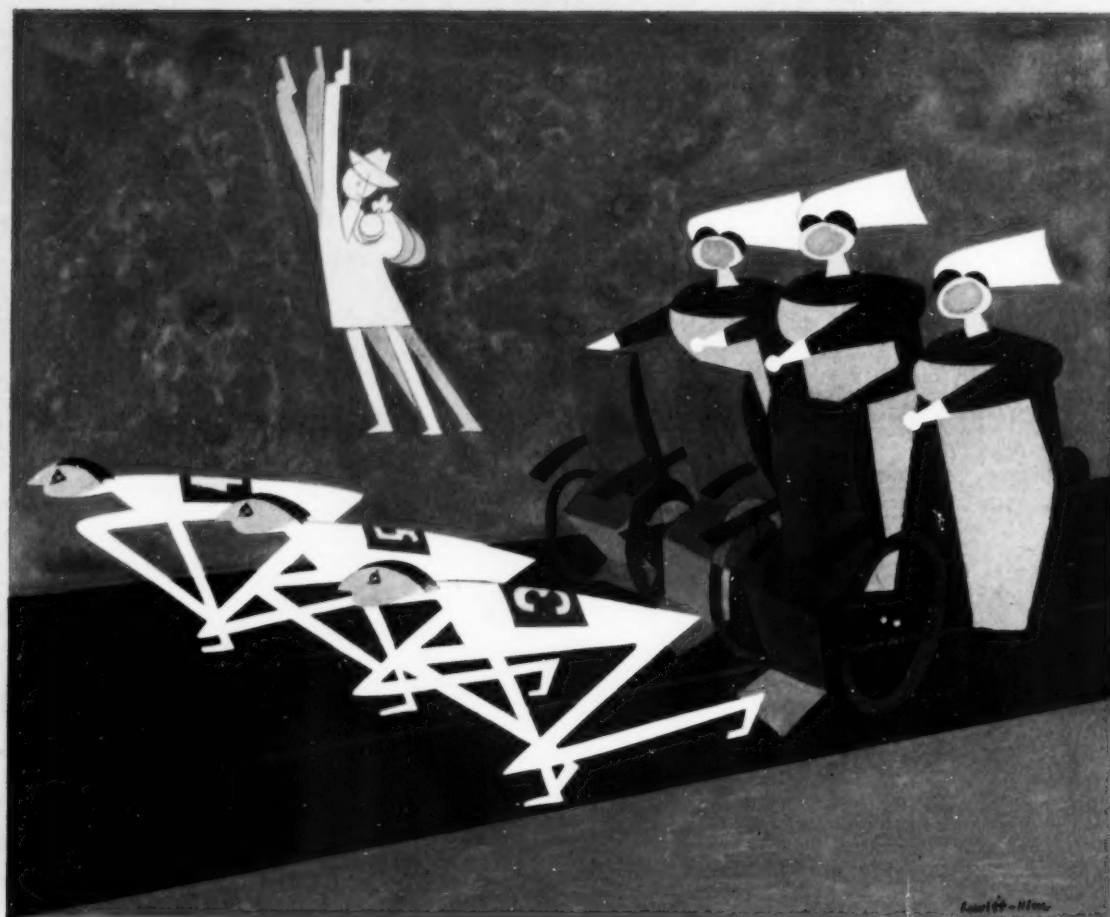
Punch, July 14 1954



TENSION-DRIED, GUM DIPPED
RAYON CORD MAKES **Firestone**
THE STRONGEST AND
LONGEST WEARING TYRES
YOU CAN BUY



Fit **Firestone** **LEAKPROOF** TUBES—they cost no more!



The Schweppshire Way of Life

5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleoschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon

competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.




Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



When an odd-looking couple of divers characters left Accles & Pollock's office we naturally followed the Directors were making their way to a really deep pond for experimental purposes in the firm's interest we were able to help them fall in promptly with the wishes of a submersible pump manufacturer as he particularly wanted some very light gauge stainless steel tubing for the protective casing of his pumps it was all most successful even after several prolonged endurance tests soaked in water and covered in mud & Accles & Pollock finally came to the surface when they were safely on board we pushed them back again with a very satisfying report to the office they are now making quite a splash with large diameter thin-wall tubes in all kinds of ever-widening manufacturing circles and hoping for dramatic savings as a result

Accles & Pollock Ltd · Oldbury · Birmingham · A  Company

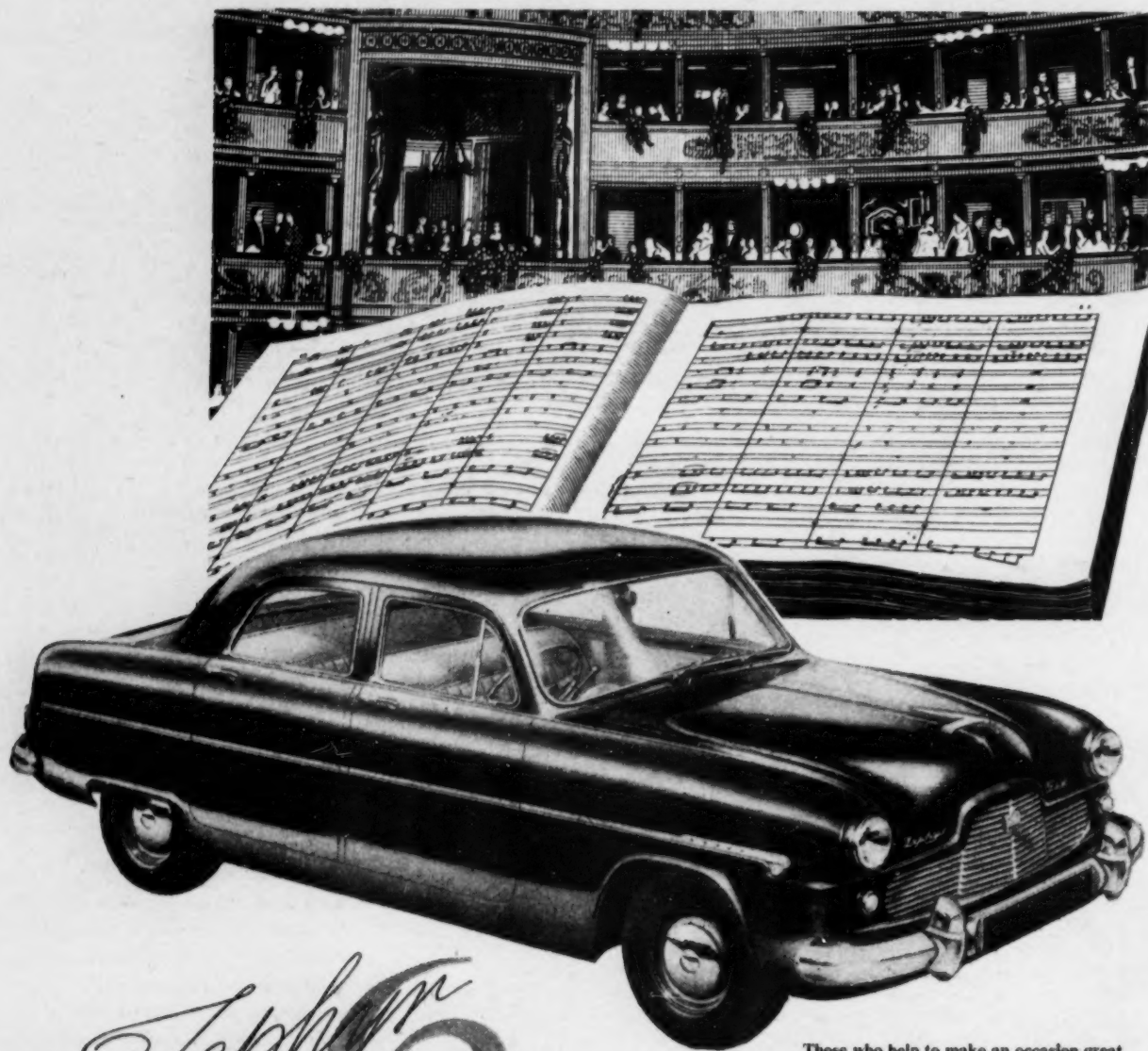
Makers and manipulators of precision tubes in plain carbon, alloy and stainless steels, and other metals · Largest stocks in the country

ENW 45

Ford sets the fashion



By Appointment Motor
Vehicle Manufacturers to
the late King George VI
Ford Motor Company Ltd.



Zephyr 6

Those who help to make an occasion great
include the wealthy, the successful—and the discriminating.

That is why so many examples of the Zephyr-6 are
to be seen amid the bustle and excitement of arrival and
departure on a great occasion.

Ford ★ '5-Star' Motoring

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST



CHARIVARIA

NEXT week sees the official appointment of the nine members of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, and there has been some criticism of their handsome salaries, led by Sir Edwin Plowden's £8,500 a year. The general feeling is one of relief, however, that in holding out for such sums these experts in annihilation clearly expect an old age to make provision for.

Modern Approach

INSIGNIFICANT among last week's espionage events was the expulsion from America of three Russian Embassy officials for spying, and the immediate retaliation of Moscow by expelling three Americans on the same grounds. Nevertheless, considering that this kind of thing is going on all the time all over



the world, with nothing but expense, inconvenience and international ill-feeling to show for it, the time has obviously come when all spy systems must be brought out into the open. The interchange of State secrets is a part of modern diplomatic life, whether conducted with restrained secrecy or pie-throwing panache. Why not recognize it? In future, let all Military Missions and Embassy staffs carry a handful of men and women known openly as the Espionage Section, with "Secret Agent" on their passport, and proud of it.

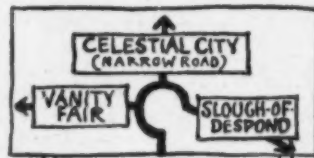
More Forms

BRITISH farmers who feel that Sir Thomas Dugdale's Ministry is a little on the intrusive side must at least admit that certain standards of relevance are

maintained. The Bureau of Home Economics of the U.S. Department of Agriculture has just conducted a survey to determine the physical proportions of the average American girl.

Comfort Ye

LABOUR-SAVING devotions are now available in a Michigan parish, where it is reported that the Reverend J. Dotson



is conducting "drive-in" church services at which worshippers are spared the inconvenience of leaving their cars. Amplification equipment, says Mr. Dotson, "will carry the hymns for a mile around," but no figures are given, so far, for the vertical range.

Star System

LORD DE LA WARR's decision on whether or not the B.B.C. shall be permitted to run a second television programme will depend, he says, on several factors, one of them being whether the public "thinks there is sufficient talent in the country." With a population of fifty million people, any one of whom has only to appear in half a dozen programmes to undertake skilled employment as a journalist, this is hardly open to doubt.

Too True

SAD times, these, for those who live by their imagination. With the story about a fire-brigade summoned by postcard one of music hall's most revered jokes has had the smile wiped from its face at last. The affair of the empty sarcophagus at Sakkara brings to prosaic reality the beloved disappearing

corpse of detective fiction. And over the Irrawaddy delta the pilot of a plane carrying £57,000 in bullion has had a pistol jammed in his neck and been forced to land and deliver—an episode long the stand-by of the "B" picture screenplay. It wouldn't be so bad, fiction turning into fact at this rate, if only some of the facts could go back into the books and scripts and gag-books for a change.

Bubble, Bubble

SCOUTS are to be got out of their club-rooms, if the deputy county commissioner of North Riding has his way. "What can be exciting," he asks, "about a lecture on how to prepare an Irish stew? Scouts should be taken into the fields, where they can make the stew. Then let them eat it." Excellent. And they could have a go for their first-aid badges at the same time.

Permission to Address the Bench?

FINED two pounds for using bad language, a Glamorganshire man is now to be granted a free pardon, as it turns



out that the Pontypridd magistrates mistook him for a different man altogether. It is hoped that he will be given the choice of having his fine refunded or using two pounds' worth of bad language now.

Drained Feeling

SOME people may be unaware that they have only until December 31 to write their essay on "The Disadvantages in the use of Alternative Materials as Substitutes for Traditional Materials

in Building Construction Sanitary Appliances and Fittings" in pursuit of a prize put up by the Royal Sanitary Institute. Intending entrants should consider whether, having gathered their strength to write the title, and then the actual essay, they may not be too exhausted to enjoy the fruits of their labours, a cash prize "to be used for the study of domestic sanitary science in Europe."

Nutshell

SWEDEN's new Minister of Housewifery, Mrs. Ulla Lindstroem, told the *Daily Mail* "I would like to see more of my school headmaster husband, and my daughters, 15-year-old Goerel, and Annika, 20." It is important to remember that reporters welcome such conciseness: they can't hang about all day asking us whether we are married, what our husband's profession is and how far he has got in it, whether we have any children, if so are they boys and girls, how old they are and if we see enough of them.

Grasmere Revisited

Volunteer wardens are to patrol the Lake District National Park to make people litter-conscious.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud

On drifts of dancing orange skins,
When all at once I saw a crowd

Of men in vans with plastic bins;
Their trumpet tongues outrode the breeze:

"Your litter must be put here,
please!"



The Important Thing is to Take Apart

AT his press conference in Washington the other week Sir Winston Churchill praised the English language as a major instrument of understanding between Britain and the United States. He might also have praised the common sense of the two nations in steering clear of each other in major matters of international sport. We in Britain are wise enough to ignore baseball and "gridiron" football as outlets for nationalist and ideological fervour: and over there they are sensible enough to keep out of big-time cricket and rough-stuff soccer.

Observe, too, that the Russians are also pretty wary about embroiling themselves in international show-downs. The two great Powers know that sport is dangerous, inflammable stuff, and we must be thankful that their athletic clashes are restricted at the moment to occasional bouts of chess.

But the Cold War goes on. The Russians push forward their satellites to test the strength and temper of the decadent plutocracies. North Korea and Hungary take the field at soccer against the English, against Western Germany, against Brazilian and Uruguayan representatives of Pan-Americanism. The Japanese, using the American-type penholder grip, snatch the leadership of the table tennis world from the Czech and Magyar outposts of Marxism. Pirie versus Zatopek, Matthews versus Puskas, Adam Smith and Keynes versus Marx and Engels.

If you ignore the sports columns you will be unaware of Britain's new rôle in international politics. We used to maintain the balance of power by Old Diplomacy and a liberal quota of gunboats: now we send out referees in the interests of peaceful co-existence. But it doesn't always work.

There are skirmishes, fiery clashes. Satellite United lose 2-1 to some miserable North Atlantic Treaty country, and the unhappy eleven (with their manager and the Commissar for Supremacy at Soccer) return home in disgrace. What happens to them? The gas-chamber? Siberia? The salt mines? Ah, we do not know. There were angry demonstrations in Budapest when the Hungarian footballers returned home without the World Cup. The whole country was distressed, and the plea of

Grosico, the goalkeeper, that the team "had done their duty" and "promised future victories to wipe out the stain of defeat" left the populace unconsoled.

Some day when the victorious Germans are bawling the *verboten* verse of *Deutschland über Alles* the losers will strike up with *The Red Flag*, and tempers will rise like helicopters and somebody will push somebody in the back, and somebody else will aim a short jab at a chin from the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, and somebody will pull a gun . . . And before we know where we are Coventry will be having second thoughts about its defence preparations, and all the English referees and umpires will be recalled at top speed.

Forgive me if I sound bitter. I remember the Olympic Games of 1936 when the "Ebony Flash," poor Jesse Owens, challenged the racial theories of Hitler. I remember the South American footballer who shot himself in the misery of defeat, the Russian Dynamo team at the Arsenal, the Brazilians hacking at the Swiss Alps, "bodyline" (a domestic tiff), and scores of international "incidents" that have mocked the unexceptionable words of Baron Pierre de Coubertin ("Father" of the Olympic Games) "The important thing is not to win . . . but to take part." I have seen the stadia of Latin America, the grounds fitted with protective moats and barbed-wire entanglements, and I have heard the ugly blood-curdling vituperation of incensed and enraged spectators at a simple game of golf, of lawn tennis, even of snooker.

The Baron de Coubertin's famous message could now be redrafted to read "The important thing is not to win . . . but to take apart," and the advice would make little difference to the progress and conduct of international games.

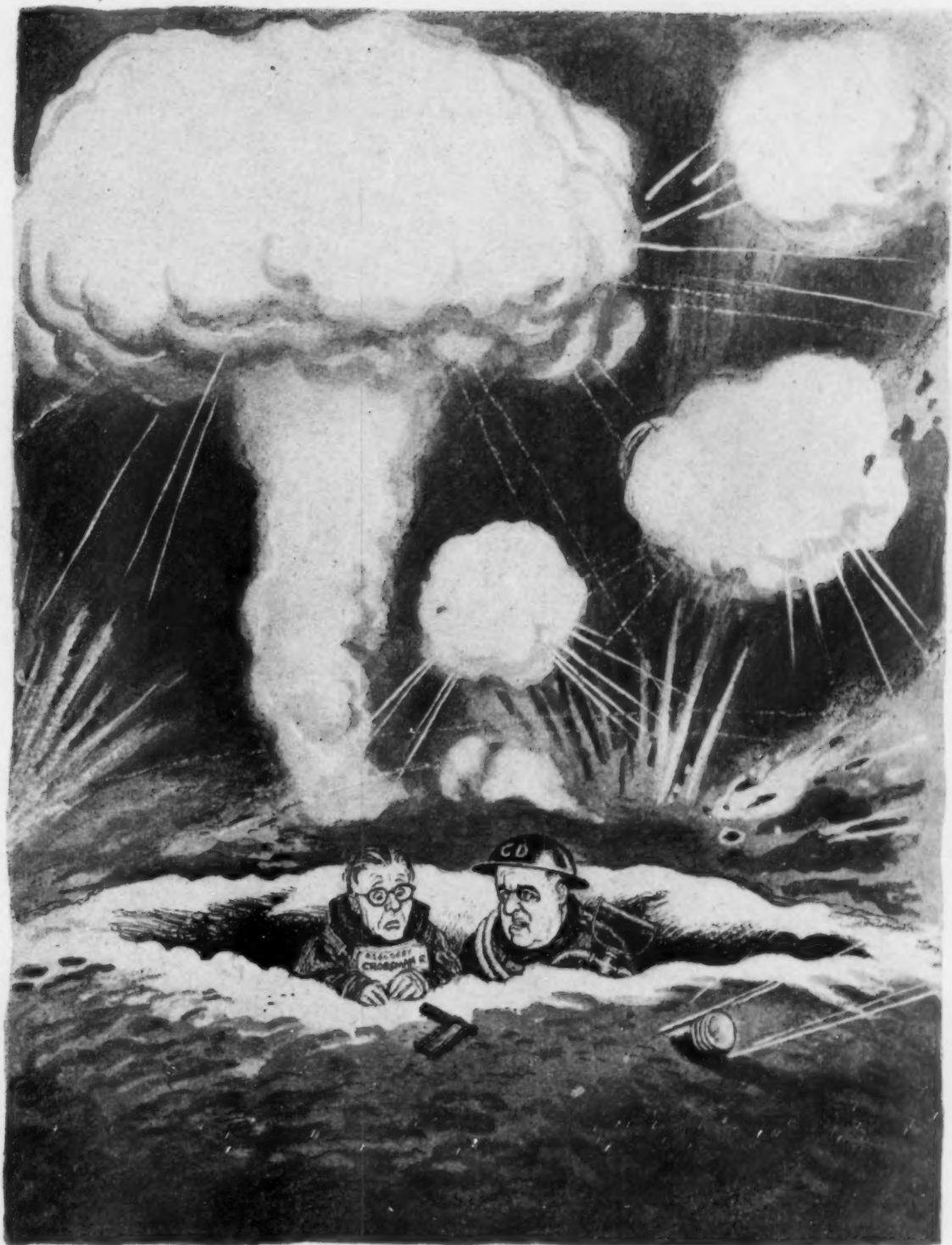
Jaw-jaw may be preferable to war-war, but only where there is an English referee.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"The Home Guard, it is hoped, will exercise in the coming year with Regular and Territorial forces, and see demonstrations of the latest weapons."

Daily Telegraph

Custard pie, Mark III, for instance?



"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

With acknowledgments to Bruce Bairnsfather



"I can passively resist any man in the house!"

Fair Play for Fathers

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE advent of Father's Day in America has inspired the advertisement pages of the magazines to suggestions for brightening the life of this poor underprivileged peon. "Buy him an outboard runabout speedboat 14 long with a 62 beam," say the magazines. "Buy him a synchromatic wrist watch, water and shock resistant. Buy him a fishing-rod 7 long with reinforced ferrules and large-capacity spinning Beachcomber reel," say the magazines, knowing perfectly well that if he gets anything, it will be a tie with pink horseshoes on a blue background.

What he really wants, of course, is a square deal from the hellhounds of Television.

It is difficult to say when the thing started, but little by little the American Father has become established on the

Television screen as Nature's last word in saps, boobs and total losses, the man with two left feet who can't make a move in any direction without falling over himself. Picture a rather exceptionally I.Q.-less village idiot and you will have the idea. Father, as he appears in what is known in Television circles as heart-warming domestic comedy, is a bohunkus who could walk straight into any establishment for the care of the feeble-minded and no questions asked.

There are two sorts of heart-warming domestic comedy on American Television. One deals with the daily doings of the young husband and the young wife who converse for thirty minutes without exchanging a civil word. The other features Father, showing him, to quote a recent writer, as "a miserable chinless half wit with barely enough

mechanical skill to tie his own shoes." Almost any domestic crisis will do to make him a mockery and a scorn to twenty million viewers. The one the writer selects is Operation Refrigerator. Mom finds that the refrigerator won't work, and Pop says leave it to him, he'll fix it.

Now Pop, says the writer, may be a mechanic during his working hours—he may even be a refrigerator repair man—but in the home he reverts to the Stone Age. He strews the floor with more parts than there are in six refrigerators and a cyclotron. Then, baffled, he (a) goes berserk, (b) collapses or (c) so assembles the parts that the refrigerator spouts boiling water.

It is at this point that Junior steps forward. Junior is an insufferably bumptious stripling of ten or eleven

with a freckled face and a voice like a cement-mixer. He straightens everything out with effortless efficiency, speaking patronizing words to Pop over his shoulder. It is obvious that he regards the author of his being as something that ought not lightly to be allowed at large.

I suppose the dim-witted American Father will some day go into the discard like the comic Frenchman with the beard and top-hat and the comic Englishman with the front teeth and whiskers, but it is going to be a grim struggle to get him out of Television. Those Television boys don't often get an idea, but when they do they cling to it. But where they got this idea of the American Child as a mechanical genius it is hard to say.

In the village to which I retire in the summer months the trouble shooters who come round to me when anything goes wrong are grave elderly men in overalls who are obviously experts at their job. I cannot believe that in their homes they have to rely on a freckled child to fix the leaking washer in the scullery tap. I have never come across any mechanically-minded children. Fred Garcia, one of our younger set, has "souped up" his car so that it will do a hundred and thirty m.p.h. and recently covered the fourteen hundred miles between Miami, Fla., and New York, N.Y., in thirty hours, which is unquestionably good going; but Fred is eighteen and training to be a jet pilot. Junior in those heart-warming domestic comedies is never more than twelve at the outside. Often he is nearer six, with curls and an all-day sucker.

What the American child *is* good at is dialogue. There he definitely shines. One specimen of the breed in knickerbockers and a Brigade of Guards tie (to which I am almost sure he was not entitled) looked in on me the other day as I worked in the garden and fixed me with an unwinking stare.

"Hi!" he said.

"Hi to you," I responded civilly.

A pause.

"Wotcher doin'?"

"Gardening."

"Oops."

Another pause.

"Have you got a father?" he said.

I said I had not.

"Have you got a mother?"

"No."

"Have you got a sister?"

"No."

"Have you got a brother?"

"No."

"Have you got any candy?"

Crisp. That is the word I was trying to think of. The American child's dialogue is crisp.

Coming back to the American Father, there was the other day just a gleam of light in his darkness. On the Kraft Theatre programme a family was shown having all sorts of family problems, and who should the wise, kindly person who solved them be but Father. It seems incredible, and several people have told me that I must have imagined it or that I switched the thing off before the big

scene at the end showing Father trying to fix the electric light. It may be so.

Meanwhile, I think it only right to warn the Television authorities that if they allow things to continue as they are, they are in grave peril. There has been a good deal of angry muttering of late in the Amalgamated Union of American Fathers, and if you ask me, I think the men are about ready to march.

I am watching the situation very closely.

"A Hebridean minister whose car was valued at £60 by experts was later sold for £300 in Glasgow."—*The Bulletin, Glasgow*
Not many of us are worth more than our cars these days.



"Try and look a little more like an Ancient Briton, Miss Tracy."

About My Overdraft

By WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME



IN the range of commodities, lying between the hydrogen bomb and the common mouse, working up or down the scale according to taste, there lies something, somewhere, that strikes a chill of fear into every individual heart. My own is chilled by fear of my bank manager.

It has always been there, that fear—ever since, many years ago, I stood at the bank counter and found myself summoned, for purely social reasons, into my bank manager's office. He was charming, of course. Bank managers always are. Clearly they are selected for their charms in the same way and for the same reason as a fisherman selects his flies. And as I sat there, all those years ago, in Piccadilly, my bank manager lured me with kind smiles and friendly gestures to disaster. He told me of the advantages of having a cheque book, of the necessity for keeping the counterfoils, and he spoke of the responsibility involved in the handling of such a valuable thing. And as he cast the cheque book, so to speak, across his desk, and watched it swirling down towards my chair, and saw me rise and nibble at it, and then carry it away, he never jarred me once—until the hook was in. And then he smiled. And that was twenty years ago.

And during all that time he has been playing me—still with that smile. Sometimes he has held me fairly tight. At other times he has given me a run. Still other times he has jiggled at me until I've dashed away and jumped, but never have I broken him. For always he has reeled me in again. But never to the shallows until now. For now he wants to pull me out across the shingle of my overdraft and leave me gasping and convulsing on the bank. The bank! And that is why my phobia is now bank managers.

As I stoop last thing at night to pour out my night-cap, and see the admonitory face of my bank manager mirrored in the bottom of the glass, I hastily augment what might have been a single into something more. As I toss on my uneasy bed, a squad of bank managers dance madly round my brain cells in spiked shoes. When I wake in the morning my first thought is that the birds

are only singing because they have no bank managers. And when I go down to breakfast every letter lying by my plate is like an unexploded bomb. The sad thing is that my bank manager is such a charming man in private life. I miss my little chats with him.

Gone are the days when I used to stroll into the bank with a gay and carefree step and, supported by a substantial credit balance, enter his office with a smile. We were boys together then. Now I am the boy, and he is the headmaster, and we are never together. Friendship has been corroded by fear. Distortion has crept in and soiled his memory. I can no longer look upon him as a charming man in private life.

And when I go to London I become a hunted thing. For London is the town in which my bank manager resides. Admittedly his office is situated in a corner of a modest West End bank, but his influence, like radio-active rays, spreads outward from that office, rendering the area in which he lives entirely uninhabitable up to one square mile—at least to me. Worse still, he lives near Piccadilly Circus, which has

always been a valuable shopping centre for everybody but myself. For my part, I dare not enter a shop in the lethal square-mile lest, while making a purchase, I shall feel upon my shoulder the hand of my bank manager.

I must pull myself together, of course. I must be gay and cavalier, like a somewhat inebriated actor friend of mine, who held the following (one of many) telephone call with his bank manager:

BANK MANAGER: Good afternoon.

MY FRIEND: Is it?

BANK MANAGER: About the little matter of your overdraft.

MY FRIEND: What about it?

BANK MANAGER: It stands at £300.

MY FRIEND: Does that mean that I owe you £300?

BANK MANAGER: It does.

MY FRIEND: When I have £300 in the bank, does that mean that you owe me £300?

BANK MANAGER: Well, in a manner of speaking, yes.

MY FRIEND: Well, I don't keep ringing you up about it, do I?

That is the spirit. Treat them rough. Stand no nonsense. Remember that bank managers are human and, like all humans, no strangers to fear. Perhaps, even as I write, the dread of a run on the bank is torturing my bank manager's fevered mind; the knowledge that if all his poor victims were to descend on his bank at once, with fluttering cheque books, he could not pay them off without borrowing money from elsewhere. Perhaps the bank is overdrawn itself, like the nation.

There lies my only hope of sanity. I must cling to the thought that not only myself but my country is overdrawn. That the National Debt is a universal debt, embracing even my bank manager, and, unlike my paltry overdraft, is ill-secured and most unlikely to be lessened, let alone paid off. Why then should I bear myself in shame, when all my fellow countrymen walk, heads held high, above a sea of debt?

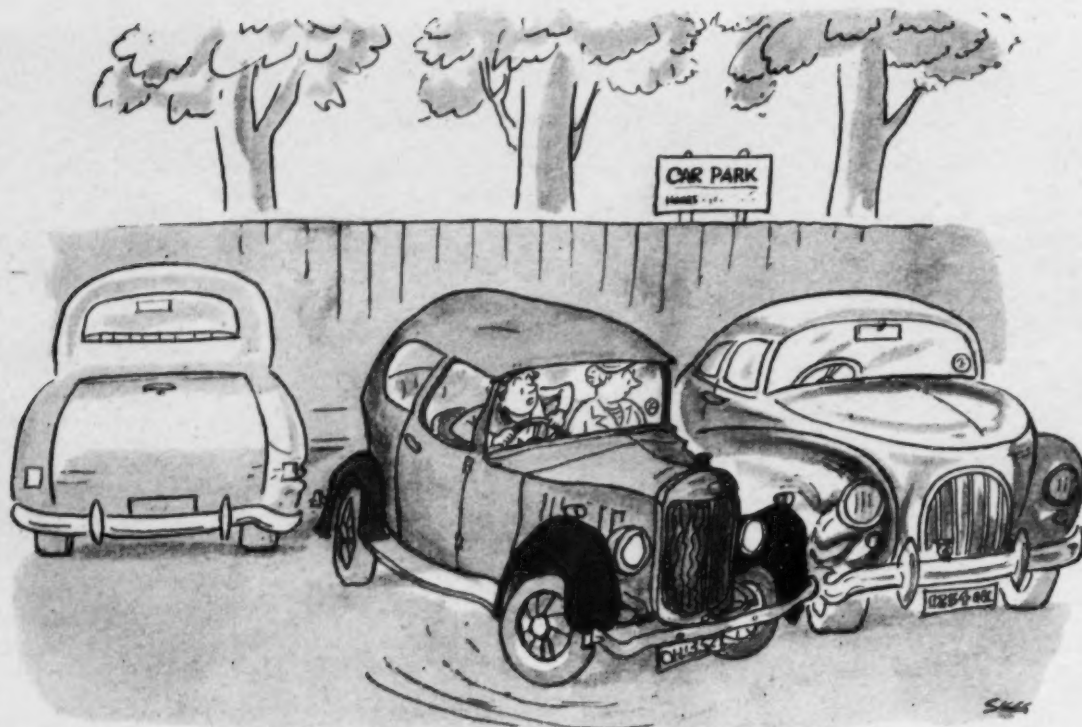
I, too, will walk like them, my head held higher as the sea of debt grows deeper, down the street, and through the portals of the bank, and ask for a new cheque book. Or, perhaps, on second thoughts, I'll send my secretary.



"Why don't you look where you're going?"



Railway rivalry: Hirelings of another area nobbling the pride of the Southern Region.



"I wouldn't want a new car, Hilda—I'd be afraid of every blessed scratch."

Escapist at the Ballet

BY STELLA GIBBONS

"**C**HARLOTTE dear, would you like an ice? No? Of course, I ought to have realized . . . both of you don't want to put on any more—any weight if you hope to take it up professionally. It's quite a *dedicated* career, isn't it? If you were both hoping to be almost anything else except film-stars you could eat as much as you liked. Of course, we all slimmed *savagely* when I was young, but then we were much older than you two are . . . You girls seem to make up your minds so young nowadays.

"Oh, I see. Then if your father does put his foot down . . . and it isn't really settled. Are you? Rather old, at twelve and thirteen? Alexa Wanhope began at three? Oh yes, indeed I do; quite, quite lovely; really out of this world. No, Belinda, no doubt it is perverse of me but I did *not* like 'Divisions on Four Airs for Wind and Strings.' Because I thought it was ugly and boring, dear. Are you sure you won't even have a cup of tea and a dry biscuit? You ate next to nothing at lunch . . .

Oh, does she? How very sensible, and don't look like that at Charlotte for giving you away, Belinda. At your age it's perfectly natural to be eating all the time and I entirely understand bananas and buns in the bedroom—better than I do some other things, in fact.

"Did you *honestly* like 'Divisions,' Belinda? Even the part where he mimed cutting off her nose with the scythe and the Toy Seller mimed eating it? Oh. No, I do not think it was lovely. Yes, I do think Troilus Bandarlog is perfectly smashing. I don't see why you shouldn't . . . I expect there'll be lots of other fans there . . . or . . . no, perhaps not. He might be tired after the performance. Yes, he does look beautiful . . . but I think better not. Do tell me, Charlotte, you're the expert, why did they all roll on the floor for such a long time? Oh. Yes, I thought it must be some kind of nightmare . . . isn't it funny—neutral colours look so terribly smart when they're used for a properly

cut suit and so unbelievably dreary when they're used for rags?

"No, I can't say I thought Peter Hagridden's décor was thrilling. Because I don't enjoy blasted trees and ox-blood-coloured rocks. Yes, Belinda, I suppose you might say the Duke's costume in *Giselle* is silly but you see it's the kind of silliness I know and like. Yes, I'm afraid I do. Very silly? Yes, very silly. Well, my dear, we must just agree to differ. I'm sure we shall *all* enjoy dear *Giselle*, anyway. Yes, it is, isn't it. When someone says *ballet* one thinks *Giselle*. That's right. I expect, as you say, Charlotte, it's just the difference in our ages. And then tea . . . Oh, I expect you will be able to when the time comes. You don't want to be too weak to twiddle one toe round the other at your classes next week, do you? I do hope your mother won't think I've been starving you; I'm sure you haven't eaten a square meal between you during the whole week-end; but I expect by now she's used to dealing with two daughters with a vocation."

Misleading Cases

No Taxation without Representation

Board of Inland Revenue v. Haddock — Before Mr. Justice Plush

HIS Lordship, giving judgment, said: "In this case the court is required to consider once again the tiresome objections of Mr. Albert Haddock to the taxes on toil which the rest of the citizens so much enjoy or, at the least, contentedly endure. But however deficient the defendant may be in patriotism or, if you will, in twentieth-century servility, we must control our loathing and consider his plea, if there is reason in it. After many courteous and kindly representations from the Special Commissioners for Income Tax Mr. Haddock has declined to pay the surtax due from him for the year 1952-1953. The surtax only: the income tax on his earnings for the same period, says the defendant, he has reluctantly but cheerfully paid. The surtax is another matter. The income tax is a burden shared by all the Queen's subjects, not equally, it is true, but in a roughly equitable relation to their earnings or possessions. The surtax is a punitive levy, almost a fine, upon those citizens who by special industry, ability, or fortune earn money above a figure fixed by Governments and Parliaments as the pardonable peak of personal incomes.

"The figure, at present, is £2,000, so that Her Majesty's Judges, as well as the defendant, may count themselves among the criminal classes. This tax is exacted not one year (like the income tax) but two years after the relevant earnings have been received and enjoyed. In 1952, the defendant told us, by exceptional toil and merit, he achieved a rare success in his precarious profession. In 1953 he yielded by way of income tax more than half of his reward. After such a transaction the most earnest patriot might well suppose that he would be left in peace to enjoy what was left of the fruits of his labours. But no, in 1954 down comes the State again with a second demand for 'surtax' on the same earnings: and the two exactions, over a certain area, amounted to as much as nineteen shillings in the pound. 'Not,' said the defendant drily, 'a great encouragement to imaginative effort.' This double, or delayed, punishment

provoked Mr. Haddock, in cross-examination, to a vivid though disrespectful figure of speech. 'The Treasury,' he said, 'is like the barracuda.'

Question 2539.—*Sir Anthony Slatt*—Why the barracuda, Mr. Haddock?

Answer.—The shark takes one of your legs and goes away. The barracuda comes back and takes the other one.

"We must give the defendant his due; and in this case he has not wearied the

court with his usual assaults on the entire structure and practice of contemporary taxation, the avarice, extravagance and incompetence of the State, and the particular hazards or sufferings of his own profession. He is concerned, it appears, for all those who are required to pay surtax, and indeed is the Founder, President, and Secretary of a body called the Surtax Rebellion League. This association, in spite of its title, is



"Certainly I'll have another—I can still hear."

said to be based upon strict constitutional principles. The motto surrounding its crest (an odd portrait of the Founder shaking one fist and scribbling with the other) is 'No Taxation Without Representation.' These are words that strike a gong in the breast of every Briton, words of the same high quality and standing as 'No arrest without trial' or 'Grievances before supply.' I was going to add 'One Man, One Vote': but the defendant has reminded us that that is, comparatively, a modern saying, and a practice still to be approved by history. Far back in 1765 that great lawyer the Earl of Camden, Attorney-General, Chief Justice, and then Lord Chancellor, said in the House of Lords:

'The British Parliament has no right to tax the Americans . . . Taxation and representation are inseparably united. God hath joined them: no British Parliament can put them asunder. To endeavour to do so is to stab our very vitals.'



"That fine principle is still respected, up to a point, in our political affairs. The representatives of the people in Parliament have an opportunity to criticize, to vote against, the taxes, and if their grievances are not redressed, to refuse supply. But, say the defendant and his friends, there is no longer the same link between taxation and representation as our fathers had in mind, for the simple reason that all the people do not pay the same taxes, and those that pay the least are more generously represented than those that pay the most.

"It is idle, then, says the defendant, to pretend that they are equally represented. If the incidence of income tax upon labourers and artisans is in debate, they can be sure, because of their numbers, that their interests will be duly considered and protected. Every Member of Parliament, after all, has to suffer the same tax. But can the few selected for the surtax expect the same consideration? It is good, without a doubt, that every man and woman should have a part in the government of the country, that all should have a vote. It may be true that the young man who has successfully reached the age of twenty-one, and has resided in the same borough for three months, is as well able to pronounce upon the complicated affairs of the modern world, as well fitted to choose a government, as the head of a bank, a business, or college, a scientist, doctor, man of letters, or High Court judge. That is one thing, says the defendant. But it is quite another to give them equal weapons in the arena of taxation. In other words, he boldly—impiously, some will say—attacks the

principle of One Man One Vote. All, he says, should have at least one vote: but for every £500 or £1,000 that he pays in direct taxation he should receive another vote at the next General Election on presenting the proper certificates to the Returning Officer. The court observed that, after a long Parliament, many high and hard-working citizens would have perhaps twenty or thirty votes. The defendant, unabashed, replied (Q. 3103):

'Certainly. Why not? They would then receive more attention in Parliament, and the "marriage" between taxation and representation of which Lord Camden spoke would be restored.'

"In the absence of such arrangements the Court is asked to declare that the surtax is unconstitutional and need not be paid. Not for the first time, I have come to the conclusion that there is something in what Mr. Haddock says—but not enough. I agree that this is a brutal and shameful tax, contrary to natural justice and ancient principles of the Constitution: but the sovereign Parliament has feebly consented to it and there it is. Mr. Haddock must pay, if he can—this time.

"But there may be other remedies. In the box, when cross-examined on the aims of the League, he incautiously mentioned the possibility of a surtax strike. The annual yield of this odious and unjust levy, we were told, is about £130,000,000, which even in these fantastic days may be counted as an important sum. If all the surtax victims decided at once to withhold their earnings, as the labourers, from time to time,



'withhold their labour,' the Exchequer would be gravely embarrassed, and it would not be so easy to proceed against many as it is against one.

"But though this is not a criminal court, I may offer the defendant a friendly warning. His League has not the glorious standing of a Trade Union, and so is not above the ordinary law. If, in such an event as he has imagined, there were any evidence of organization or incitement, he might well find himself in the dock on a criminal charge of conspiracy. But if there were some sort of spontaneous combustion, if all the surtaxees—each on his own—decided suddenly that their injustices were no longer to be borne, no charge of conspiracy could arise.

"But let us be careful, Mr. Haddock. I should not advise anyone to strike, in terms, against the tax itself: for, in these envious days, he could not be sure of the sympathy of the people or the papers. No, no; the labourers, in these days, frequently take 'industrial action' about matters with which they do not seem to be very closely concerned—foreign policy, the sale of Government aeroplanes, the affairs of Trade Unions to which they do not belong, the employment of labourers who do not belong to their own, and this and that. Let every surtax-striker have a political purpose of his own. One will protest against the treacherous abolition of the University seats, another against the feeble failure to restore them, one against the Rule of Noise, another against the persecution of the Pools, and so on. Every man will do the same thing on the same date, for a different reason. How about 1st January 1955, Mr. Haddock? Would that be convenient, do you think, to us all?"

Mr. Haddock: "Certainly, my Lord."

The Courts: "Very well. I will send you my subscription to the League. Meanwhile, in this case, the plaintiffs must succeed. But the plaintiffs—curse them!—will jolly well pay the costs."

A. P. H.

"The Austens were neither poor nor rich. Mrs. Austen and her daughters made most of their own clothes and the girls made their brothers' shirts. They made their mead at home, and Mrs. Austen cured her own hams."—*Somerset Maugham on Jane Austen*
No National Health then, of course.



Sekhem-Khet

JUST when I had supposed the danger past
(Having been fifty centuries safely dead,
And nameless not much less), I have at last,
Somewhere upstairs, not far above my head,
Heard my name ill-pronounced but rightly read
By men who knew that I was somewhere near,
And meant to come and find me; which they said
They would next year. Kind gods, before next year

Can you not work it that their world shall stop
As I have seen a dozen stop before?

I am deep-sheltered, and need have no fears
For what will come; but they are out on top.

It only wants some fool to start a war,
And I am safe another thousand years.

P. M. HUBBARD

Modern Types

Miss Victoria Chamberlain

By GEOFFREY GORER

NEARLY every morning, when her "little" maid brings her the *Daily Telegraph* (what a pity the *Morning Post* ever stopped publishing!) with her early cup of tea, Miss Victoria Chamberlain's ample bosom heaves with indignation. The heaving is more noticeable at this time than it would be later in the day, when her "figure" is enclosed in solid foundation garments which both constrict movement and disguise any resemblance between the façade she presents to the world and the anatomy of a human female.

There is very little in this "so-called modern" world which does not excite her indignation, from the prices quoted for her "little" investments to the "disgusting" modern novels which it will be her painful duty to get out of the lending library as soon as possible; from the shameful (and almost certainly sinister) defeats of "our" sides in international sporting events to the shameless (and almost certainly sinister) bathing costumes which are being "foisted" on to young English womanhood; but if anything is more, where all is most, it is the conduct of politics, both foreign and domestic, which agitates her body and mind most.

The reasons for her agitation are straightforward enough. Miss Chamberlain *knows*, as certainly as she knows that the sun will rise to-morrow, that there is in existence a vast conspiracy to impose Communist domination on the whole world, which is making stealthy but continuous progress. The Communists are very cunning and hide their manœuvres under a number of disguises, one of the most subtle being the "so-called" welfare state. Miss Chamberlain is all in favour of the lower classes being decently looked after, she has always been a considerate employer to her servants and in earlier and happier days was most ready to relieve any distress in "her" village; but the welfare state with its huge taxes, its unjustified strikes ("not for food or things like that, but for quite unsuitable luxuries like cars and television sets") and its absurd controls and regulations is really a subtle conspiracy to ruin England financially and price English



goods out of the export markets, and then, when the country's bankrupt and everything's in chaos, the Communists will take over. Miss Chamberlain cannot understand why people refuse to recognize these obvious facts.

Miss Chamberlain cannot honestly blame herself for this ignorance, for a large part of her waking hours are devoted to attempts to dispel it. She is a most assiduous committee member, and a very frequent speaker, at meetings of the local Conservative Association; she signs many letters to the local paper and from time to time she attempts more direct action by organizing round-robins to the fountain-head of authority, the Prime Minister, or even higher.

Miss Chamberlain is devoted to Sir Winston Churchill, and won't hear a word spoken against him; she refers to him as "Dear Winnie" or even "My dear Winnie" in tones which are otherwise reserved for her very favourite animals; but she is not sure that even "Dear Winnie" fully realizes the Communist menace. After all, he is so busy, he has so many things to see to, and has to deal with all kinds of people, as well as writing those wonderful books; he probably does not have the leisure to think things out really *thoroughly* as

Miss Chamberlain and her intimate associates do; and so from time to time they send him respectful memoranda, calling his attention to the great hidden peril which besets the country, and suggesting appropriate remedies.

The remedies proposed are not entirely constitutional, partly because Miss Chamberlain's ideas about the constitution are remarkably fuzzy, but chiefly because she considers that the leaders of the conspiracy are traitors and should be treated as such, and their unwitting tools little better. Nearly all the members of the Labour Party are in the conspiracy, with Mr. Aneurin Bevan at its head (she can neither mention his name calmly nor refrain from mentioning it frequently); and the unwitting tools are any group of workers who threaten to strike, any body of employees who treat her with familiarity instead of respect, members of any Congregation other than the Church of England (and she is slightly suspicious even of them if they are too "high"), nudists and "modern" artists. All these groups must be controlled, legally if possible, but anyhow—controlled. If action be not taken soon, all will be lost.

Included in the losses will be the remaining comforts of Miss Chamberlain's life. Although her circumstances are considerably reduced from what they were before the Second World War, and the faintest shadow of the golden era of her Edwardian girlhood, there is still enough left from the wreckage for her to live tolerably in her "little" cottage (but a real architectural "gem") with a "little" maid who spoils her (and is spoiled in turn), and a "little" man to keep her "little" garden in apple pie order. She is a generous hostess, and frequently entertains; quite drinkable sherry, or a well-cooked luncheon, accompanies the diatribes, the denunciations, the analysis of the parlous state of the nation. All these amenities would be lost if the almost inevitable cataclysm be not speedily averted; but to do Miss Chamberlain justice, her conscious worries are less on this score than fear for the fate of her country, for which she has a profound affection.



Human Document

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

(A red morocco diary, embossed DIRECTOR-GENERAL in gold, was picked up in Portland Place last week. Certain extracts are of great public interest, and are printed below.)

WAITED more than an hour to see Winnick, but no luck as usual. Walked back through Park feeling depressed. Mind reverts to panel-games continually. Only sure bulwark against I.T.A. Vital retain public esteem . . . Corporation prestige rests on single factor.

Keep thinking about fish. Humorous, educational, ideal contrast dignity panel personnel. E.g. game "What's Your Angle," each challenger brings fish in pocket with same initial and number of letters as news personality of week. Possible, and will give more thought.

Hear Winnick seen with N. Collins at Reform, rushed round but left (? one of Waldman's leg-pulls). I see new batch eight more panel-games now scheduled trial. Poor lot, though said

to be selected from between 8/10,000 submitted. Great problem. Up to us put heads together within Corpn.

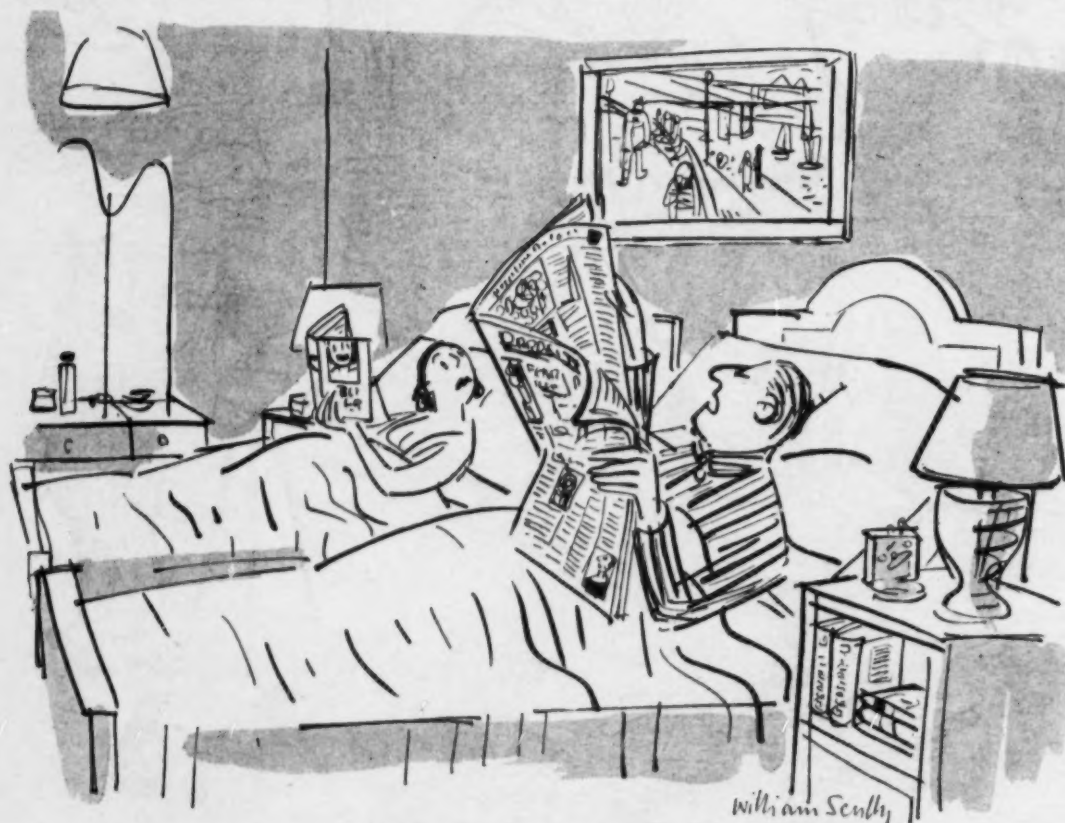
Panel selection . . . serious faults, my view. E.g. no point having Lord this, Lady that, if addressed as Bert, Flossie, all the time. Viewers forget presence nobility, miss effect when earl obliged kiss visiting U.S. celebrity. Much exercised shortage incidental by-play these games . . . Each month one panel member should have birthday (? arr. Somerset Ho). Cake. Guess weight. Number currants. When cut, jewelled trinkets presented members (warn Property Dept. recover). Very tired and listless to-night, but jot down for what worth.

Fish game constantly in my mind. Possible two thought-streams, (a) spawning habits of S-m-e-l-t (educational), (b) report of how Mr. S-m-i-t-h crossed Niagara on water-cycle, or

whatever (news impact). Successful challengers throw fish in tank, panel members dive for them to close programme . . . Possibility offend Harding, but could exempt him diving.

Trouble this morning. Hear disturbing reports excellent games already acquired and in cold storage for I.T.A. Rumoured five earls, marchioness and three D.B.E.'s already under contract for panels. Dr. Hammarskjöld and Billy Wallace as chairmen. Sometimes think Lime Grove short on initiative, sense of adventure.

Bad night. Woke up inspiration for game with challengers all named after insects, wasp, earwig, etc. (N.B. consult London Tel. Directory.) Seems rather weak in light of day. Also guessing game—whether challenger's teeth real or false. Too static. The old trouble. All games have everyone sitting down



"I see they've invited Dr. Kinsey to come and take a look at us."

all the time like court of law. Slow. More things need throwing. Liven up generally. Fruit. Small domestic pets. Something fresh all the time. Tortoises, balloons. But introduced naturally into fabric of game. Good Press last night's incident, comedian brought goat to studio, kissed "Guess My Story" panel. But unrehearsed. Such by-play should be planned. (?Panel of goats, kissing challengers?) Finding all this a great strain, but difficult to delegate with any confidence. Had Haley on 'phone, says same trouble his job—has to read all proofs personally since pun got in title story on Lady Jane Grey. H. suggests game guessing cost of challengers' underwear. Risky.

Flashed across my mind in Winnick's waiting-room, whole panel-game scoring system needs overhaul. Turn-over number cards due for dust-heap. Could acrobats run on, score painted on chest? Or when Lady Boyle scores five, say five puppet Lady Bs. lowered on string, thrown to audience later? Perhaps arrange selected Viewer ring panel Chairman. Chair: "Oh, is that Mrs. Ada Putty, of The Larches, High Road, Leytonstone, E., wanting to know the score?"—and then tell her. (Essential mention name and address, in lieu of fee.) Or score could be rung on bells, or boomed by tame bittern. Bed now. Feel sense of stress, loss of grip. Thank heaven quiet week-end country, put panel-games from mind entirely. Mustn't let this thing rule me.

Woke up in night with idea Railway Game but foolishly omitted jot down, details now fading. Recollect panel railway-loving celebrities, Chairman famous station-master . . . work out journey, say, Frinton to Bangor, route, cost, favourite meal in refreshment rooms each stop . . . cooked on spot, Philip Harben? Singing waitress? Penalties imposed wrong answers, sent back to Hereford . . . picture cathedral thrown on screen. Or stranded Stratford-on-Avon, picture Anne Shottery's cottage at Hathaway, with short dimble-by by descriptive Summary. Splitting headache all morning. Got Winnick on 'phone, but cut off.

Viewer Research called . . . reply my question what proportion Viewers close eyes and "play it hard way" when solution shown on screen. Answer, '005 per cent. As I thought. Secret of successful p.-games is audience knowing



"Sorry, tovarich, one more and your wife would have been a Heroic Mother."

something withheld from panel. That case, should consider practical jokes played on panel, with Viewing Millions forewarned. Great suspense and fun, collapsing chairs, rubber pencils, exploding cigarettes, etc. Panel selected specially for max. dramatic impact, say, Drs. Fisher, Garbett (?Moderator Ch. of Scot.?) George Dawson, Prof. Bodkin, Duke of Norfolk? All finish diving in tank for fish?

Found long rambling memo. by Haley in "Quizzes" file, and hopes rose. No good, though. Nothing any use but possible number game. Challenger thinks of number, say 7. Panel must

guess whether Sleepers, Dials, Deadly Sins, etc.

Bound to say, begin to feel hopeless about whole problem. Ready to move on to *The Times* any day now.

"Eighty-nine malicious telephone calls were made during the past year to Bexley fire brigade and 63 at Beckenham. In the whole of Kent there were only 280 such calls."—*Evening Standard*, p. 8

"810 false alarms went to Kent brigade last year."—*Evening Standard*, p. 9

Some news agency hoax, no doubt.

Ladies of the Marquee

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

ALL through this summer of our discontent the elegant woman has held faithfully to the first canon of her code: to dress according to the calendar, not the barometer. Ignored by the sun, spat on by the rain, escorted through the season by faint hearts with half-furled umbrellas, she wears summer clothes for summer occasions. Her lily-livered sisters play for safety in their spring suits, brought up to summer, as they wishfully imagine, with white hat, white gloves, and white bead chokers. But the elegant woman, let the wind whistle due East, appears in the graceful dress, the fragile shoes, and the feather-petalled hat which are her compliment to the time and the place and the loved one, not the weather.

What goes on underneath, of course, is nobody's business. In the language of the lingerie captions, warmth can be achieved without weight. Indeed, by surrendering to total belief in the printed word, warmth can be achieved by a cobweb. Be that as it may, and to whatever stratagems it may be necessary to resort, the street dress moulded and modish, the town suit tailored to

swooning point, should never sit in a deck chair by a polo ground, should never stroll across a green lawn to a white marquee.

At Henley, whatever the weather, the men always outshine by a thousand colour-power the ladies they escort. Neither flashy nor dashy is the Magdalen bow-tie, just plain red with a lily on each wing. Neither fancy nor nancy are Leander socks, just a good virile pink. Blazers are in every named variety, with Lady Margaret blazing loudest. Caps by Clarkson's; or did Madame Vernier, perhaps, design Trinity Hall's black-and-white plaid? There are speckled boaters and the smart black boaters of Caius, there are white flannels, striped blue-and-white flannels, checked trousers; there are liquorice all-socks. Funnier get-ups used to be seen on seaside piers, but not much funnier. Yet these same men are ready enough to attempt a joke about women's hats, to throw a witty dart at what they consider a double twenty. It is easy for women at Henley to retaliate. At Henley we need no particular verbal skill to hit the male on the head. Any arrow shot into the air will find its Harold.

Yet we must envy men their clothes continuity. Year after year, decade on decade, they cut the dash their fathers cut, wearing the same clothes their fathers wore. They have no more tormenting decision to make than which, on which day, they will wear of the varied colours they are entitled to sport. Their problem is only *which*, never *what*. Whereas the woman who has spared herself nothing to appear to perfection knows that even now the couturier who sired her dress is working feverishly on his next collection; knows that even now the guillotine is being set up in Paris which will sever this season's neck-line from the next before the month is out; that even now the shops are slashing their few remaining models into ruthless reductions. She knows that should a sudden wind blow her hat across the river from the Stewards' Enclosure to Phyllis Court, its lovely life would be cut short by but a little while, doomed as it is to die within the summer.

But summer's lease is not up yet. Nor are the many long hours when men will play and women must sit. Lord's





"Voulez-vous me donner le sel, s'il vous plaît, monsieur?"

may have seen the last of its ladies now that Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, have drawn stumps. But there is country house cricket and cricket festivals to come. Many of the lesser lions will be appearing again in less awesome arenas; many of the same spectators will be appearing again in—who can doubt it?—many of the same dresses and hats. Although the Eton and Harrow match is the most fashionable cricketing event and fathers appear in their finest, the family element inevitably inhibits the feminine fashions. Sisters are subject to brotherly sarcasm. And many a mother pauses, hat-pin in hand, in the act of mooring one of Claude Saint-Cyr's more extreme flights of fancy to her head; pauses as she sees behind her in the mirror the face of her son, speechless but with speaking eyes. It may only be a phantom face that she has imagined, but the true mother puts away the Claude Saint-Cyr and replaces it with something cautiously less noticeable.

Boys, however, are not quite so queasy as they used to be. They no longer expect their mothers to grow old along with them; no longer expect them to be dignified, gracious, grey, dressed in something draped. The modern son, although more reactionary than his sister, is prepared to accept the reality of the modern mother. *Autres temps, autres mères.* The flowing fabrics which used to be associated with the lady on the lawn—chiffon, ninon, so on—belong to a vanished age.

Yet so do the printed cottons. *They* belong to that most lost of all ages, the year before last. This season it is no longer good enough to be "clever with cotton." Cotton has been relegated to beach-wear, house-coats, morning frocks, along with denim, poplin, and all the other humble materials which the years of equality in austerity lifted above their station. In this year of feminine grace the ladies of the marquee wear shantung, surah, wild silk, lace, taffeta, grosgrain, richly printed silks. We are getting

back to the old class distinctions of fabrics, while all the time the *nouveaux riches*, the rayons, the nylons, all the synthetics, struggle for their rung on the social ladder. Soon heroines, once more, will be expected to go stark mad in white satin, confidants stark mad in white muslin. Who goes stark mad in nylon?

HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association starts its second tour this week.

It is on view at the Gaumont State Theatre, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.6, until July 24, and will then be visiting the Gaumont, Northampton (July 28—August 7), the Gaumont, Preston (August 11—24), and the New Victoria, Edinburgh (August 30—September 10). Then it will be shown at cinemas in Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, Cheltenham, Plymouth, Salisbury, Brighton and Swiss Cottage. It includes 250 original drawings by 117 British and American Artists. Admission is free.



"Spare a moment?"

A Pretty New Ribbon

By WILFRED FIENBURGH

A FEW weeks after the Coronation, when those Members of Parliament who had hired full-dress uniform appropriate to their late military rank had returned their trappings to the theatrical costumiers; and when those Members who had purchased Court Dress had stored their velveteen knickerbockers and lace ruffles in moth balls; and when those Members who had worn their best suits, cleaned and pressed for the occasion, were reflecting that the trousers needed pressing again, we got our medals.

Coronation Medals came through the post to all save those who, clinging to the last pallid vestiges of republicanism, had given notice that they did not wish to receive the bauble. I accepted mine with gratitude because I like medals. I am the sort of person who, when

wearing decorations on civic occasions, develops the habit of jerking the left shoulder forward from time to time to enjoy the satisfying jingle-clink of bronze on silver.

When I prepared for my annual Territorial Army camp I found I had room for another ribbon on my left breast. Indeed I had room for a considerable number of ribbons on my left breast. So the new ribbon was sewn on. It pleased me. It gave me an excuse to start another row. This meant that all the other ribbons had to be resewn, which caused my wife to throw off asides about military peacocks. But the effect was noble. On my way to camp I twice tilted my driving mirror to savour it.

The effect was less well received in my unit. The very small allocation of

Coronation Medals had been distributed but had left an ache of empty breasts. All eyes focused on my ribbon. Officers who should be above these things muttered in corners. Conversations ceased as I drew near to groups in the ante-room.

"He is the Private Schine of the British Army," I overheard. "He obviously threatened the Brigadier he would expose the unit to the War Minister unless he got one of the medals."

"Political pull, that's what it is," said another. "After all he's only done two drills the whole year."

Gently I explained. I had not been singled out for honour by the Brigadier or anyone else. I was part of a mass distribution. All M.P.s had been given the medal. "In that case," said a major,

"there doesn't seem much point in having it."

"Or wearing it," added the Adjutant caustically.

"Reminds me," said a very senior officer, "of when I was in the Middle East in 1917. I was at Corps H.Q. One day we received a large parcel from the Secretary of State of a minor principality. It contained the insignia of the Order of the Spears of Valour, first, second, third and fourth class. We were told to distribute them appropriately and return a nominal roll to the War Office. So we gave the first class of the Order to the General Officer in Command. The second class went to a Divisional Commander, the third class to an R.S.M. in charge of Records, and the fourth class to the sanitary orderly at Corps H.Q. who was due for something. We dispatched the nominal roll. We then opened the parcel. The insignia of the first class of the Order which we handed to the General was a tiny medal on an inch of puce ribbon. The second class sported a bigger medal plus a chain and jewelled pendant for hanging round the neck. The third class had a medal, a chain and jewelled pendant, and a sash to be hung over the right shoulder. The fourth class went

better still. To the sanitary orderly we had to give a medal, a chain and pendant, a sash, and a jewelled piece six inches in diameter to be worn on the left breast below the tunic pocket. He insisted on wearing the lot for pay parades. So we had him posted. It seems," the very senior officer added, eyeing my ribbon, "that we had inadvertently got our values upside down."

"Which reminds me, sir," said one of those annoying young officers who are always at the elbows of very senior officers ready to support them with laughter and the companion anecdote, "that there was in Brussels after the first world war a most exclusive club called the *Société des Non Decorés*." He too looked at my ribbon.

I have now readjusted my attitude to medals. Dignified austerity will be my line in future. Not for me the collection of variegated colourings that make the chest look like the clippings box in a fabric warehouse. From now on I shall be of the school of Eisenhower, Joffre, and Hindenburg, who wore in lonely simplicity a mere one or two of the higher decorations for valour. The only trouble is that I have not got even one of the higher decorations for valour—or for anything else.

Friends of the Cathedral

AT the end of our Cathedral
Where people buy and sell
It says "Friends of the Cathedral"
And I'm sure they wish it well.

Perhaps they gave the bookstall
Of modernistic oak
And the chairs for the assistants
And the ash-trays for a smoke.

Is it they who range the marigolds
In pots of art design
About "The Children's Corner,"
That very sacred shrine?

And do they hang the notices
Off old crusaders' toes?
And paint the cheeks of effigies
That curious shade of rose?

Those things that look like wireless sets
Suspended from each column
Which bellow out the Litany
Parsonically solemn—

Are they a present from the Friends?
And if they are, how nice
That aided by their echo
One can hear the service twice.

The hundred little bits of script
Each framed in *passe-partout*
And nailed below the monuments,
A clerical "Who's Who"—

Are they as well the work of Friends?
And do they also choose
The chantry chapel curtains
In dainty tea-shop blues?

The Friends of the Cathedral—
Are they friendly with the Dean?
And if they do things on their own
What does their friendship mean?

JOHN BETJEMAN

Empty Seats in the Capitol?

"Before the lunch Churchill conferred privately with Dulles. This conference had been set for yesterday afternoon but was put over because the 79 year old Churchill took a long nap after a prolonged luncheon which included more than two dozen congressional leaders."—From the *Chicago Daily Tribune*



Home Town

By MARJORIE RIDDELL

I WROTE and told my mother I had answered an advertisement for a companion to an old lady who was going to Germany for three months. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I got the job? It would be like a free holiday.

My mother wrote back and said yes, it would be wonderful, but she would believe it when it happened. I had never been to Germany, had I? And I couldn't speak German, could I? So what use would I be to an old lady? However, my mother remembered only too well how I had once made her have her eyebrows plucked, and after that she would believe I could talk anybody into anything. Thank goodness they had grown again.

Two days later another letter came. On no account must I take that job with the old lady. My mother had met Mrs. Napier in the village and told her all about it, and Mrs. Napier said oh dear. So my mother said what do you mean? And Mrs. Napier said well, it's such a risk, isn't it? All sorts of people advertise in the newspapers nowadays. So my mother said, oh well, she would only go with a nice person. And Mrs. Napier said but some of them are very cunning, you know. Suppose she's kidnapped? Suppose it's smugglers? You can get twenty years for smuggling.

So my mother rushed home straight-away to write and stop me. I mustn't do it. It was sheer madness, and she had thought so all along. Anything might happen. And there was my present job, too. Was I really prepared to throw it up for a whim that might vanish like smoke and leave me with nothing but a taste of bitter almonds? What about my pension? No, not on any account must I go.

Three days later my mother wrote again, and said she had met old Miss Chalmers. Old Miss Chalmers thought my going to Germany was a marvellous

idea, which was just what my mother thought. Miss Chalmers said she would have given anything for an opportunity like that when she was young, because now she was old she was too old, and I wasn't but I would be one day. Miss Chalmers thought that as long as I got a banker's reference and things like that, the old lady would be all right. Miss Chalmers didn't think a smuggler would advertise. And as for my job, well, she thought it was unnatural for a young person to be too cautious, and somebody clever like me would easily get another job when I came back. My mother was a bit doubtful about that last bit, but she didn't say anything because Miss Chalmers had never met me and it seemed a pity to spoil it. But otherwise my mother agreed absolutely with everything Miss Chalmers said, and I certainly had her permission to go ahead. It was a splendid opportunity. I would be silly to turn it down.

The third letter came the next day. *I must not go to Germany with the old lady!* My mother had met Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Mason said what would she do if the old lady were taken ill? And that was exactly what my mother had been thinking. What would I do if the old

lady were taken ill? I would have to nurse her, and how would I do that in German?

Mrs. Mason didn't think a kidnapper would advertise either, and thought it was just like Mrs. Napier who had been expecting to be kidnapped all her life. But Mrs. Mason nevertheless thought I ought to be careful. Mrs. Mason's best friend at the Wether Bilbury Ladies' Circle of Culture once bought a portable gramophone from a titled lady in a newspaper advertisement, and as soon as she put on Johnnie Ray it fell to pieces. Which just showed you. Mrs. Mason didn't think a banker's reference meant anything, except that the old lady had money, and all sorts of people had money these days. Mrs. Mason definitely thought I shouldn't go, and my mother thought so, too. I must write immediately and tell her that I had decided not to be foolish.

So I wrote and said that the village could forget all about it. I wasn't going to Germany, because the old lady had found someone else. But I had answered another advertisement, this time asking for someone to join a party that was travelling across Africa in a jeep. And wouldn't that be fun?

Chuck It, Nye

(With acknowledgments to G.K.C.)

Mr. Aneurin Bevan has suggested that Conservatives were opposing increases in M.P.s' allowances only so that they would not have to give more to old age pensioners.

ARE pensioners around their embers,
Tell me, Nye,
Urging more for hard-pressed Members,
Are they, Nye?
Do they, hungry, cold and shaking,
Wait the news from Downing Street?
Crying "Is the Cabinet breaking?"
Hissing "Boothby's got them beat!"
If the Government's harsh intentions
Mean that Members are passed
by,
Will they tremble for their pensions,
Will they, Nye?

Careworn widows round their fires
Huddled, Nye,
Find the M.P.s' claim inspires,
Don't they, Nye?
In the mining hamlets clothing
Distant valleys in South Wales,

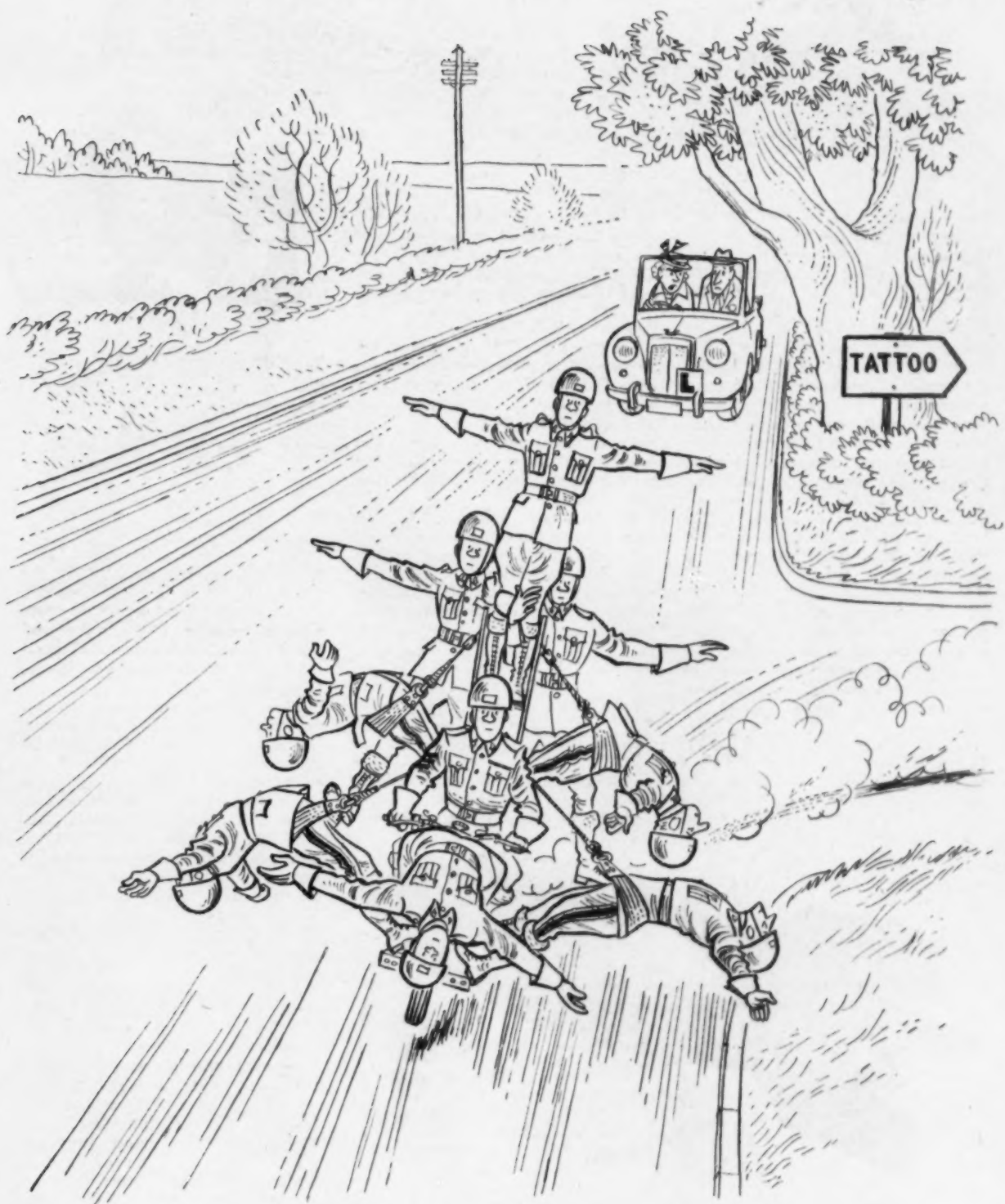
Where the weekly bills leave nothing,
And the old man's 'baccy fails,
Do they read it all in *Hansard*,
Tears of joy in every eye—
"M.P.s' Pay: Sir Tom Moore
Answered."

Really, Nye?

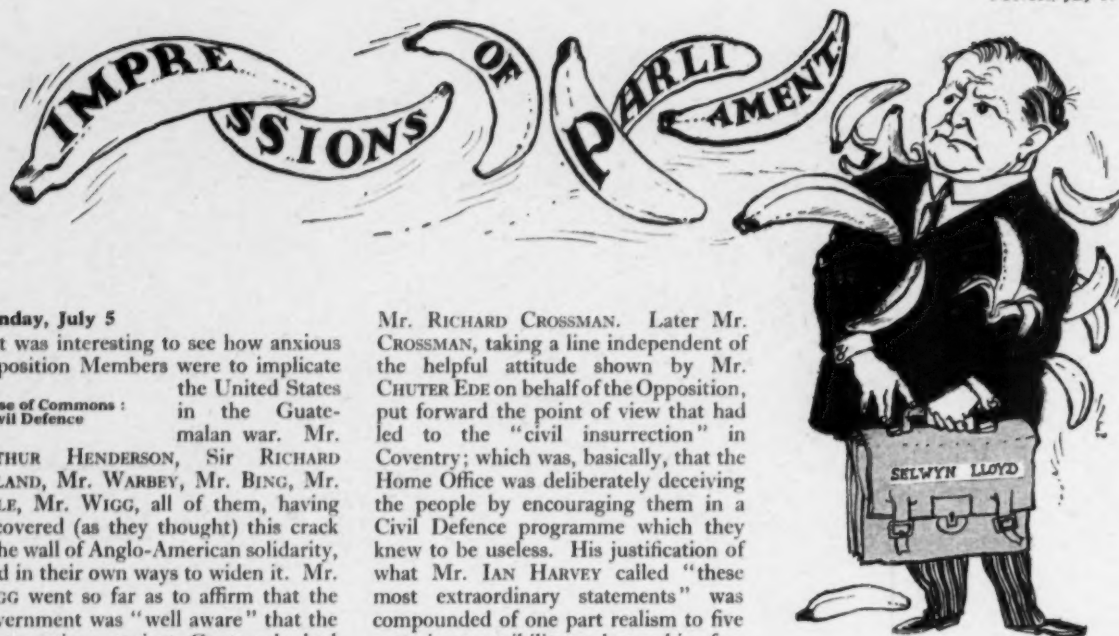
It would greatly, I must own,
Soothe me, Nye,
If you left these folk alone,
Unselfish Nye!
With your tongue, how'er uncivil,
You fight well and get your fee.
For yourself, your dream, your devil,
Seek support, though not from me.
Go on blowing party bubbles,
Take the Cash you get thereby.
But as for those with honest troubles . . .
Chuck it, Nye.

PHILIP VERNON





"That's nothing like the 'Turning Left' signal you taught me."



Monday, July 5

It was interesting to see how anxious Opposition Members were to implicate the United States in the Guatemalan war. Mr. **ARTHUR HENDERSON**, Sir **RICHARD ACLAND**, Mr. **WARBEY**, Mr. **BING**, Mr. **HALE**, Mr. **WIGG**, all of them, having discovered (as they thought) this crack in the wall of Anglo-American solidarity, tried in their own ways to widen it. Mr. **WIGG** went so far as to affirm that the Government was "well aware" that the air operations against Guatemala had been carried out by "American aircraft manned by American pilots."

Mr. **SELWYN LLOYD** did his best to convince them that the whole affair was simply a South American revolution on the classic pattern, which had now "fizzled out," but such an opportunity to harass the United States was too good to dispose of so quickly, and notice was given that "owing to the unsatisfactory nature of all the answers to all the questions about Guatemala" the matter would be raised again.

In the debate on Civil Defence Sir **DAVID MAXWELL FYFE** led off with a ninety-minute survey of the present position, during which he was interrupted twenty-five times, eight times by

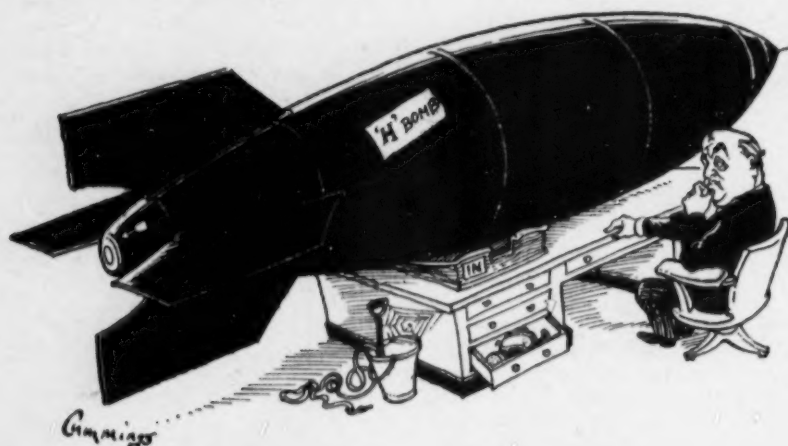
Mr. **RICHARD CROSSMAN**. Later Mr. **CROSSMAN**, taking a line independent of the helpful attitude shown by Mr. **CHUTER EDE** on behalf of the Opposition, put forward the point of view that had led to the "civil insurrection" in Coventry; which was, basically, that the Home Office was deliberately deceiving the people by encouraging them in a Civil Defence programme which they knew to be useless. His justification of what Mr. **IAN HARVEY** called "these most extraordinary statements" was compounded of one part realism to five parts irresponsibility and won him few adherents.

Curiously enough there was a strong feeling among the Opposition in favour of manning the Civil Defence services with National Service men. How they propose to square this with their desire to shorten the term of service no one was found to explain.

Tuesday, July 6

Mr. **JAMES CALLAGHAN** stood confidently at the box and delivered what is called a "devastating indictment" of Government policy in denationalizing road transport. With cocksure relish he quoted figures showing that the attempt

House of Commons :
Road Transport and
Overseas Information



Sir David Maxwell Fyfe tackling Civil Defence problems.

to return the industry to private ownership was failing sadly. Then Mr. **ENOCH POWELL** arose on the Government side and, using the same statistics, showed that the attempt was a splendid success. ("Awfully good!" said the Minister over his shoulder as Mr. **POWELL** sat down.) There was a short debate, and Government policy was endorsed in the lobbies by a majority of thirty.

There followed some discussion of a motion proposed by Mr. **ERNEST DAVIES**, lamenting the decline of the overseas information services in spite of the recommendations of the Drogheda committee. This gave the broadcasting pundits, Sir **LESLIE PLUMMER**, Mr. **MAYHEW**, Mr. **SHACKLETON**—who have been restless since the Television Bill went to Another Place—a chance to do their stuff again. Even **J. FRED MUGGS** was dragged in. Mr. **ANTHONY NUTTING** justified the Government's position with a heartening account of the way in which the extra £330,000 they were allowing themselves was to be spent. But it was a dull evening.

Wednesday, July 7

A sinister principle was established in the Lords, where Lord **TEVIOT** moved the annulment of the Air Navigation (Seventh Amendment) Order, 1954. This order denies to residents who suffer from the ghastly racket near airfields the right to redress. Lord **HAWKE** offered them little hope

House of Lords :
Noise
House of Commons :
Homecoming

from the Government; "it must be realized," he said, "that we are living in an age of noise." We are living also in an age of juvenile delinquency and other sad things, but no one is quite so fatalistic about those. Of course it is inevitable that there must be a lot of noise where jet engines are being tested on the ground; but it might be thought that there was nothing like the prospect of a nice swingeing civil action to prod the manufacturers in their efforts to keep it within reasonable bounds.

Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL appeared around the Speaker's chair a quarter of an hour before the end of questions, looking very pleased with the world and himself, and was borne to his place on a wave of cheers. More cheers accompanied Mr. EDEN's entry a few minutes later. But there were none for Captain SOAMES, who stood modestly among the onlookers beyond the bar of the House. Only two of Sir WINSTON's four questions were called, and Mr. EDEN took the first of those. Sir WINSTON's question was set by Mr. WARBEY, one of his more persistent picadors: which, he was asked, were the former sovereign states, now enslaved, referred to in the "Potomac Charter"? The Prime Minister favoured Mr. WARBEY with one of his most seraphic grins and reminded him of the maxim "No names, no pack-drill." Mr. WARBEY was not amused.

Thursday, July 8

Eleven of the questions down for the Home Secretary dealt directly or indirectly with the

House of Commons:
 Eleemosynary
 Considerations
 but in spite of all
 temptations to disregard the wishes of



Mr. Gaitshell, the miners' choice

other nations, Sir DAVID declined to give the doctor any opportunity to become an Englishman, or even a stateless one, and he must go back to the U.S.A. on July 31.

The Prime Minister, assuming the kind of minor-key voice that B.B.C. announcers slip into as soon as they find the words "we regret to announce" in a news-bulletin, told Sir IAN FRASER that he could not add anything to what Mr. BUTLER had already told the House about war pensions, but promised to consider what the British Legion had said on the matter. Would he also, asked Mr. ATTLEE drily, consider what the 1922 Committee had said?—and the House laughed themselves sick. The name "1922 Committee" has become to the Commons what "Wigan" and "mother-in-law" once were to the variety stage; you don't have to make a joke about it, you just mention it and you have them rolling in the aisles.

After questions Sir WINSTON put on a brighter manner and announced a £2-a-day subsistence allowance for Members for every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday that the House sits. The House looked this gift-horse squarely in the mouth and thought nothing of it. Mr. ATTLEE offered the least grateful thanks that can ever have been heard, and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES suggested that the matter should be debated all over again.

Friday, July 9

The second reading of the Gas and Electricity (Borrowing Powers) Bill produced a very full House for Friday, with about two Tories to every Socialist. It was preceded by an humble address praying the Queen to arrange for the gift of a Mace from the Commons to the Federal Assembly of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland—an interesting example of "usual channels."

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, supported by a closely-written typescript, gave a rather literary exposition of his Bill, which authorizes a vast expenditure on gas and electricity installations, including a nuclear power station to be ready

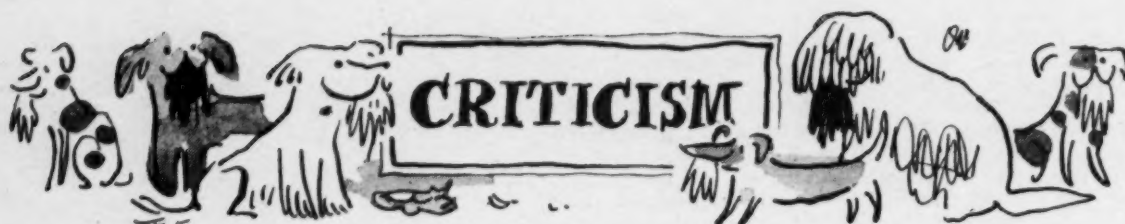


"Militarily we are an atomic aircraft-carrier for someone else."—Mr. Crossman

before 1960. Both sides cheered him when he sat down, a hero for the second Friday running, and Mr. NOEL-BAKER assured him of Opposition support in a speech that bristled with terms like "underground gasification." However, an element of opposition was introduced by Sir GURNEY BRAITHWAITE, who in the friendliest manner possible moved an amendment that attacked the Bill on the ground that there were many other projects needing the money just as badly—by which, being Sir GURNEY BRAITHWAITE, he meant roads. His criticism was chiefly directed, not at the Ministry of Fuel and Power, but at the Treasury, whose sanction had given the Ministry the opportunity to raise nine million pounds with which to promote its grandiose schemes; but as that department had carelessly omitted to send a representative to listen to him, he was compelled to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

Lord HINCHINGBROOKE, who also spoke to the amendment, entertained the House by unfolding a large poster showing a boy and a girl seated by a stream and saying to one another—apparently—"You should visit your local electricity showroom where you will see the latest wonderful ideas for saving work, and while you are there you should not forget to ask for the new book *Life With Electricity*."

B. A. YOUNG



BOOKING OFFICE

In Exile

The Journal of William Beckford in Portugal and Spain, 1787-1788. Edited by Boyd Alexander. *Hart-Davis*, 30/-

EVERY two or three decades in this country there is a scandal in the upper reaches of social life—usually where fashion meets the world of art and letters—and a well-known personage has to go into exile. William Beckford (1760-1844) affords a good example of the type of man upon whom such a doom falls: one, invariably, of remarkable gifts to whom ostracism is particularly painful. No doubt such individuals could be traced back to quite early times if biographical history were closely examined. Perhaps invariably the disaster is brought about by personal vanity more than any other characteristic.

Beckford's father, twice Lord Mayor of London, a man of enormous wealth and comparatively obscure origins, was a violent Whig with a harsh Jamaican accent: his mother, a Hamilton, granddaughter of the Earl of Abercorn, was particularly insistent regarding the eminence of her own family. The psychological background was therefore a difficult one. It was perhaps not surprising that their son turned out as he did.

Married at an early age to Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of Lord Aboyne, Beckford seems to have genuinely adored his wife and she him. He was, however, only faithful to her in his fashion, and, while staying at Powderham, he was involved in a scandal with William Courtenay (later Viscount Courtenay and Earl of Devon) that blasted his reputation and led to the rescinding of his promised peerage, the patent of which had already been made out.

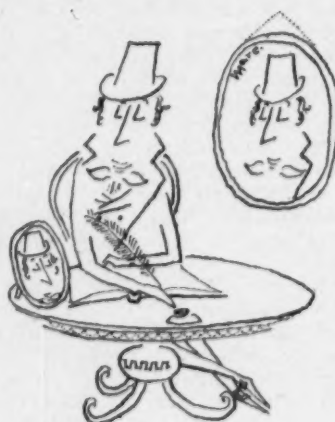
Exactly what happened at Powderham has never come to light. Apparently Lord Loughborough, a judge, married to young Courtenay's aunt and staying at the same time in the house, was later responsible for launching a press campaign against Beckford. The Beckfords were forced into retirement at Fonthill,

then went abroad, where Lady Margaret died after giving birth to her second daughter. To the last, such documentary evidence as exists indicates her affection for her husband, and there can be no doubt that Beckford, for his part, was shattered by her death. The rest of the story is one of extravagance and eccentricity; the building of the immense gothic mansion; its collapse;

an end that was never achieved. It gives a vivid picture of European life on the eve of the French Revolution. Portugal was a country where the nobility lived modestly but well. Beckford was sometimes bored, but he enjoyed behaving just as he liked and snubbing Portuguese ecclesiastics when they supposed Henry VIII responsible for the death of Thomas à Becket.

His own character shows itself strongly between the lines of the diary. Sensitive, gifted, assured, good-looking, rich, it is not surprising that he had considerable success with those with whom he came in contact. Up to a point he possessed humour, but his vast self-esteem steps in after a time, destroying all judgment and balance. His temper was evidently bad. At times one wonders whether he was a kind of Norman Douglas of the period—less interested in scholarly things, less good natured, and much more addicted to conventional social life; but with some of the same gifts and characteristics. Mr. Boyd Alexander has done an excellent job in the editing.

ANTHONY POWELL



a crazy old age spent in a villa on the outskirts of Bath.

Beckford is best known for *Vathek*, an Oriental tale written in French when he was twenty-two. The *Journal of Portugal and Spain* was composed after the death of his wife, at a period when his family still considered it undesirable for him to remain in England. It is a work of great liveliness, expressed in language extraordinarily modern in style.

While in Portugal, he was naturally anxious to be presented to the Queen, but this could only be done through the British Minister, one of the Walpole family. Walpole refused to present Beckford on account of the scandal. Since Beckford possessed many influential friends among the Portuguese, his presentation became in Lisbon almost the outstanding political question of the moment.

The *Journal* describes the ebb and flow of Beckford's fortune in attempting

American Man

The Adventures of Augie March. Saul Bellow. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 15/-

Very long, closely packed with felicities of description, vivacities of invention and tumbling profundities of social and psychological analysis, this is an enjoyable shot at the Great American Novel. Augie comes from a Jewish slum family and sometimes he is scrabbling a living at the bottom and sometimes he is living on the rich at the top. Women and bosses try to mould him but he always slips away in time to preserve his liberty, cheerfully leaving behind his self-respect. In the course of his rambling adventures he meets numbers of odd characters (real people, not "characters" off the peg) and visits numbers of brilliantly described places.

I did not feel that the novel quite succeeded in compassing the whole of American civilization within one man's rambles or in creating a myth-man, another Bloom or Quixote. The effect

of the complex style is a bit like Henry Miller and a bit like Gwyn Thomas. I enjoyed nearly all of the novel and admired much of it: it deserves to be popular with several publics.

R. G. G. P.

Rhymes for Middle Years. Dorothy Wellesley. James Barrie, 10/6

Dorothy Wellesley, whose earlier volumes contained much genuine poetry, writes in an introduction to this book "My dear Grandchildren. When you are older you will understand that this little book does not contain poetry, but merely verse." It is a legitimate distinction, though many quibble at it. Verse, however, requires at least as much definition and sharpness of outline as poetry, for, devoid as it usually is of æsthetic quality, it falls as flat as a card-house if its points are not made with spare finality. Only occasionally do these *Rhymes for Middle Years* really come off.

These verses are devoted mostly to the subjects of earliest memories and have titles like "Nannie Takes a Hairpin," "The Fat Lady," "My Grandpapa is Very Thin," "A Pillow is a Dreadful Thing" and so on. "The Glow-worm" is a fair example of her method:

*The Glow-worm is a green light,
He sits upon the bank,
He sits like emeralds, rank on rank
When the evening comes at night.*

Agreeable enough for the immediate family circle, but not often originally observed, nor sufficiently fanciful. There are some pretty drawings by Faith Jacques.

A. R.

Food in England. Dorothy Hartley. Macdonald, 30/-

Miss Hartley is determined that her weighty work on Food in England is not to be a horror story. She wishes to convince her readers that a great deal of the full natural flavours of food can be recaptured by intelligent use of raw materials. But this is not her only object; she also strives to pass on something of her own knowledge and enthusiasm for the history and poetry of English food. Her wise saws include the comment, dated 1480, that "Peacock is cuyll fleashe to disiest, for it can not be rosted or soden ynough." Among her modern instances she points out that asparagus is expensive as it monopolizes a large bed for many years and cannot be worked in with other crops.

Though the whole book is pervaded with a friendly atmosphere of new bread baked in a brick oven, the wide range covered makes it more suitable as a reference book than a handbook for everyday use in the kitchen. Those interested in superstitions which have survived to this day will find that Miss Hartley attempts, reasonably, to account for the widespread tradition that women should not at all times cure bacon. The

many illustrations from various sources include a witty drawing by the author of a Stargazey pie of pilchards.

V. G. P.

These Uproarious Years: A Pictorial Post-War History. Michael Cummings, with a history in words by Hugh Massingham. Macgibbon and Kee, 10/6

Whatever may be true elsewhere in art, the caricaturist at any rate has to tell a story in his picture. Mr. Cummings indeed in his most successful drawings gives us not merely a picture but a developing story. Take, for instance, his picture of the somnolent Socialist meeting of to-day with the portraits of these same Socialist leaders in their wild youth in the background, the six caricatures in which the features of Mr. Butler gradually transform themselves into those of Sir Stafford Cripps, the contrast between a Socialist Conference as it is and as it would be on television. The danger with a great caricaturist like Mr. Cummings is that we shall be so busy asking "What is it about?" that we forget to notice the extraordinarily subtle mastery of line with which he obtains his effects. Look, for instance, at the angle at which Ernest Bevin is sitting at his desk on page 5 as he hands with the tongs the document of recognition to Franco. Mr. Cummings is more successful with individuals than with types, and even he has his formulæ



"What! Flog me? But I'm the subject of an interesting psychological experiment . . ."

[From *These Uproarious Years*

of humour. He rightly thinks that all politicians are funnier with their trousers off than with their trousers on, that almost anybody is funny if you dress him up as a clergyman, and that, whatever you do, you must never caricature Mr. Harold Wilson.

C. H.

AT THE PLAY

Out of the Blue (PHENIX)

East Lynne (SADLER'S WELLS)

AMUSING as they have always seemed in the frolic wind of May Week, it was bold to bring the Footlights to a London already well stocked with revue. But even those who served their apprenticeship at one of the great motor-manufacturing universities will agree that the enterprise is justified, for *Out of the Blue* has zest and wit and a remarkable degree of confidence. If sometimes it pushes a neat idea too far, and goes on vigorously pushing, it also hits harder and in a larger circle than many professional revues; in its contemporary attack overshadows parochial gossip, which is kept to a minimum.

Of course the pure Granta joke is there (to remind me of a morning about 1925 when undergraduates riding home in a high gale were slow to discover that the much-publicized Wireless Number was shedding its pages from their baskets because the little clips had been left out of the binding); it's there, for instance, in the lightning sketch that goes "Are you Carthage?" "Yes." "Well, you're sacked." And atrocious puns abound, but some of them have a saving ring, such as Caesar's "Et tu, Cutie?" to the bar-room floozie in a Western parody of Shakespeare that keeps hilariously to the point.

A severely monastic body, the Footlights are strong in female impersonation, and this year their he-Gingold is DERMOT HOARE, at his richest as a Turkish lady who hasn't got a man on her ottoman. The most original comedian is JONATHAN MILLER, although his striking resemblance to Danny Kaye has obviously been reinforced by a close study of the master. The timing of his antics is uncertain, but when he gets it right he is extremely funny, as in parts of his rambling account of the wonders of Australia, and in the whole of his imitation of Bertrand Russell. LESLIE BRICUSSE, the Footlights' inventive producer, specializes usefully in a bland style of bogus lecture, the selling methods of Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh are ruthlessly analyzed by DAVID CONYERS and FREDERIC RAPHAEL, and JOHN QUASHIE-IDUN contributes two calypsoes, restful after the tearing spirals of most of the numbers. Each of a large team brings something of his own to an evening refreshingly satirical. There are amateur loose ends, in plenty, but in a way they add to the charm of a revue whose gaiety and intelligence should fill the Phoenix. NEIL SUTHERLAND's music

and MALCOLM BURGESS's décor are both to match.

The only interest of *East Lynne* would be to discover if it could still give you and me, storm-tossed and calloused as we are, a glimmer of the kick it gave our grandparents, who went home eighty years ago with their hearts in shreds. I rather doubt if even a performance that kept strictly to the rules could pulp us quite to that extent, for we have grown more sensitive to sugar, and some of the sugar is awful; but I believe a producer who played the game honestly could still get a pin-drop house and a mild flutter of handkerchiefs with the scene at London Bridge where Lady Isabel hands her sin-shadowed infant to the policeman.

Unfortunately DENNIS ARUNDELL, using a deliberately comic adaptation, gives us no opportunity for telling. Anxious lest we might miss certain differences between ourselves and the Victorians, he goes for laughs with the breakneck determination of a pantomime producer, not excluding real faces in the family portraits and a clown's tea-tray with its contents screwed on. If you can forget *East Lynne*, and think of this as a Christmas rag at a tongue-in-the-cheek coterie theatre, it has its genuinely funny moments, and some music-hall ballads well sung. But I went to see *East Lynne*, and it seemed to me this cast could have done it.

Recommended

Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure (Fortune), delicately barbed. *The Manor*



MR. JONATHAN MILLER

MR. DERMOT HOARE

of *Northstead* (Duchess), with A. E. Matthews at his funniest. And for a tonic revue, *Going to Town*.

ERIC KROWN

AT THE OPERA

Arlecchino and Ariadne auf Naxos
(GLYNDEBOURNE)

IN his last years, as I remember him, Ferruccio Busoni was gaunt, sardonic and musing under his white wing of hair. He would go over a Mozart concerto like a diamond-polisher, detached from his public and, as we may surmise from his published letters, a little disdainful of it.

This image of him came back to me often during *Arlecchino*. I will not say the music is gaunt, exactly. It is spare and sinewy, rather—and dry, as good wine may be dry. Much of *Ariadne* seemed an unbridled wallow by comparison. The words as well as the music are Busoni's; and it is here that we note the sardonic twist. His *commedia dell'arte* types include a sottish physician, a tun-bellied rake of a priest, and a Harlequin who blithely gives his own wife away, steals another man's and proclaims self-justifyingly, while poised on his mistress's windowsill, that *die Liebe ist frei*.

Nor are Mozart and diamond-polishing forgotten. There is a bemused, cuckolded tailor, sung with mellow pathos by IAN WALLACE, who, while stitching in his Bergamo porch and reading Dante, suddenly thinks of Mozart for no special reason. Instantly a couple of quicksilver staves from Giovanni's *Fin ch'han dal vino* slip into and out of the orchestra pit before we quite know what's happening: one of the most deft and affectionate quotations in musical literature. I am not sure that Busoni's touch and judgment are equally sure when it comes to his tenor lead, Leandro. The parodies of operatic love music, gushingly Italian or crushingly Teutonic, which he puts into Leandro's mouth were done amusingly enough by MURRAY DICKIE: but so many non-addicts are ready to mock at opera that opera cannot really afford to mock at itself.

JOHN PRITCHARD made his way between the gins and snares of a score which most opera-goers had never heard of, much less heard, with the

insouciance of a man taking a walk after dinner in his ancestral park. PETER RICE's designs and PETER EBERT's production were sharply pretty, with adroit sprinklings of the sinister.

The *Ariadne* revival, which makes a capital double bill with *Arlecchino*, was elatingly sung on the night I was there. Before the curtain went up I had had no chance to read my programme. Hearing Bacchus's opening strains behind the scenes, I concluded that Glyndebourne had at last found a German tenor, something between heroic and lyric, who could sing. But no. When Bacchus set foot on Naxos a few pages later, periwigged and superb in green-gold breeches, I saw it was our own RICHARD LEWIS, changed and magnified out of knowledge, as compared with five years ago, as to both voice and style.

LUCINE AMARA's *Ariadne* and, in the prologue, SENA JURINAC's Composer were equally prodigal and sure of themselves. ILSE HOLLWEG (Zerbinetta) sang her famous and frightening coloratura stretch as if doing a sharpshooting act from a slackwire while standing on your head (which is what this aria amounts to in non-musical terms) were the most amusing as well as easiest thing in the world.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

Night People—About Mrs. Leslie

PROBABLY *Night People* (Director: NUNNALLY JOHNSON) would come over just as well in the old shape and size, for very much of it (including many of the best bits) has to do with interiors, room and office scenes and "two-shots" of which what might be called the operative part is concentrated into a space no bigger than we have always been used to. What the publicity means by saying "You have never really seen GREGORY PECK until you see him in CinemaScope" I can't imagine; if ever there was a man built for the vertical rather than the horizontal view... But certainly CinemaScope presents him, and the whole film, very successfully. It is quite absorbing entertainment, and I enjoyed it.

The story is of occupied Berlin, where a young U.S. soldier has been kidnapped by the Russians. (Let us ignore the propagandist aspect of all this—perhaps it's lamentable, perhaps it isn't, but the fact remains that this is the perfectly credible story.) His father is a tycoon in Toledo, Ohio, with a wide acquaintance among influential Senators, and when the son is not at once rescued the father's immediate reaction is to pull every wire he can lay his hands on, and eventually to come to Berlin himself with the idea of stirring up the military authorities who seem to him not to be exerting themselves enough.

This leads to a clash with the U.S. colonel in charge of the case, who proceeds to demonstrate to the overbearing

father the dangerous complications of what had seemed to him a simple matter. The Russians demand two Germans in exchange for the boy; would the father agree to that if it were up to him? Unthinkingly he says Yes, but when the colonel shows him the Germans concerned and they take poison at the prospect of being given up, he begins to feel uneasy, and by the end of the picture he admits that he is in the wrong.

The rounding-off, the hoped-for dénouement, is too "easy" and contrived; but it passes at the time, and the detail, the acting, the direction are all skilled and beautifully satisfying. It is extraordinarily pleasurable to watch—particularly in the office scenes—the smooth competence of GREGORY PECK as the colonel and BUDDY EBBEN as his faithful humorous sergeant; and under this immensely experienced director (who also wrote the script) even the finest episodes tell. BRODERICK CRAWFORD is perfect as the blustering tycoon, there is a great deal of amusing dialogue, and the use of colour is nearly always excellent.

For SHIRLEY BOOTH's second film appearance they have provided her with a part altogether more commonplace and popularly "sympathetic" than the one she played so magnificently in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. In *About Mrs. Leslie* (Director: DANIEL MANN) she appears as that well-known and frequently wearisome figure the infinitely wise middle-aged woman with the sad memories, who beams down from the heights of her garnered wisdom on the anxious and misguided young and old people of her acquaintance, and at intervals, in some leisure moment when somebody has just gone out of a room, looks dreamy and goes into a flashback with some of the memories concerned.

Even though one can recognize the way this has been deliberately calculated in its appeal to the middle-aged woman public (the scenes with the selfish and inconsiderate teen-agers will strike home to the older generation, but they are satirically observed and highly amusing for anybody), one has to admit the skill of it as a technical job, particularly an acting job. Miss BOOTH this time plays a less deeply imagined and more obvious character, but again she does it admirably. Indeed she seems to suggest certain depths not in the part as written at all . . . but I suppose I'm only trying to rationalize my interest, on this occasion, in a story of a type I would normally avoid.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Apart from *The Wages of Fear* or *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54), the London film I would most recommend is *Executive Suite* (30/6/54). The excellent Disney documentary *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) continues.



Leatherby—BRODERICK CRAWFORD Col. Van Dyke—GREGORY PECK [Night People]

The new list of releases shows nothing much except *Doctor in the House* (31/3/54)—which was released months ago on one circuit but now goes out on another. Don't forget the earlier ones *Knave of Hearts* (26/5/54) and the good little Graham Greene thriller *The Stranger's Hand*. RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE GALLERY

GOYA, *Drawings, Etchings, Lithographs*. Arts Council Galleries, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. (Closes July 25)

MONET. Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Closes July 30)

THE claims of Goya to fame are several. For instance, of his unique excellence in portraiture we have an example in his "Dr. Peral" in the National Gallery. Besides his oil painting and including his decorations and tapestry designs, he developed all through his long life (1746-1828) a formidable sideline in his sketches from memory and imagination. Of these the present exhibition contains one hundred and eighty examples.

Reacting to the various and often tragic events of his time, from his gay youth with fêtes and bull fights, to the court, religious persecutions and the Peninsular War, with its attendant horrors, Goya produced, usually by the slightest of means, pen and ink and wash or chalk, some of the most haunting and, frequently, in subject, most excruciating masterpieces in the history of painting. Never, except for Rembrandt's Biblical illustrations, had human nature been portrayed more vividly on paper.

Not once, however, did Goya let the subject get out of control. Always the arrangement in light and shade is satisfying, and the execution deft and convincing, as became one who had learnt in his youth both from Rembrandt and Velasquez. The good catalogue helps to elucidate the more enigmatic works.

No trace of the worries or crises of the equally long-lived Claude Monet (1840-1926) are to be found in his work. For all that, and in spite of being termed by Cézanne "an eye only, but what an eye," he was not without temperament or wit. His rare portraits give proof of the latter. (See Cat. No. 32.) Leader of the impressionists, Monet sought to render light and shadow by using cold and warm colour (e.g. roughly, yellow for lights and blue for shadows) as opposed to the dark and light shades of the old masters. He was pre-eminently successful. So much has his way of seeing things been accepted by the common mass, even unconsciously, that it has become a commonplace. This fine and comprehensive exhibition serves to remind us of the serene vitality and distinction of the artist, which familiarity with his ideas can in no way diminish.

Recommended

Two good collections of French nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings are at the O'Hana Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1, who have an exceptionally fine portrait of a boy by Renoir, (No 51, Jean Renoir reading), and at the Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1, where there is a fascinating small, green, early Matisse landscape. Both galleries are open during July.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Script and Conscript

THREE days before the launching of its highly important and heavily publicized daily programme "News and Newsreel" (on which I hope to offer some comment next week) the B.B.C. Television Service trotted out the first of a new series of illustrated reports on world affairs. The series rejoices in the generic title *Viewfinder*, and Aidan Crawley, who presents these items, spent some time instructing viewers in the duplicity of the term. Flexibility rather than photographic precision will be the target: as *Radio Times* so wittily put it: "It is not intended to establish a rigid pattern of presentation; some programmes will deal with one topical theme, others with several; some programmes will be concerned with affairs in this country, some with events abroad."

However . . . This first edition dealt with Sir Winston Churchill's celebrated press conference in Washington, and included film that should certainly have been included earlier in the old "Newsreel." We saw the Prime Minister, in excellent form, parrying most skilfully the questions lobbed at him from every corner of a touchy American press, and we heard the answers that we had read days before in our newspapers. Nevertheless, the programme was intensely interesting.

It was announced that Mr. Crawley would "use much the same technique as he did in that successful series *Americans at Home*," but as things turned out Mr. Crawley employed much the same technique as was used so successfully in Ed Murrow's famous attack on Senator McCarthy. All the material ingredients



Announcers All

Mr. Donald Gray Miss Avis Scott Mr. McDonald Hobley

of the American programme were there—the maps, the reference books, the revolving tape recordings, the television screen within a television screen and so on—but the main lesson of Murrow's performance had been either overlooked or ignored. Ed Murrow read his script: Aidan Crawley tried to deliver his from memory. In the one case the viewer's attention was focused exclusively on the speaker's words and ideas: in the British programme the speaker's performance *qua* speaker dominated the proceedings, and since Aidan Crawley was less sure of himself than usual this meant that most of his message was lost to an audience preoccupied by anxiety.

I am unable to understand why the chieftains of Lime Grove should think so highly of performers who can recite their lines by heart and why they still take such a poor view of the printed *aide-memoire*. Night after night we have seen announcers struggling to repeat details of time and place, strings of names and titles, and night after night our televiewing has been

marred by their obvious embarrassment at mugging the job. The point, surely, is that there is no virtue in memorizing lines that are not memorable, lines to be delivered once only. The exercise is uneconomic.

A year or two ago the announcers were encouraged to attempt a new approach: instead of trying to recite chunks of *Radio Times* parrot-fashion they were invited to chat freely in their own words about the details of forthcoming programmes. What an assignment! Naturally enough they failed. They became chummy and slipshod and developed a distressing tendency to giggle. Now there is some talk of taking them out of vision altogether—merely because their nightly party pieces are unsuitable either for

memorization or light-hearted chatter, and because somebody in authority has a rooted objection to televised scripts.

There are some jobs for television spokesmen that are best done off the cuff as it were. But when a spokesman is addressing the camera and needs to weigh his words a script is as much a comfort to the viewer as to the lonely target of a million eyes. Ed Murrow's programme on McCarthy was read from a sheaf of typed pages of foolscap, and read honestly. There was none of that sly peeking at forbidden shameful notes, he read like a man confronted by a serious telegram, anxious to make every word count and anxious to let his audience know that every word had been carefully considered.

Aidan Crawley has already shown us, in his fine series *Americans at Home*, that he is an efficient interviewer. But interviewing and talking direct to the camera are two very different matters. If the new series is to prosper, Lime Grove will have to revise its attitude to visible scripts.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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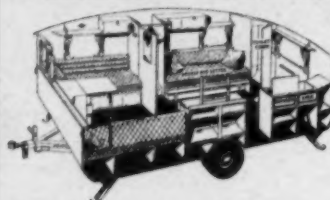


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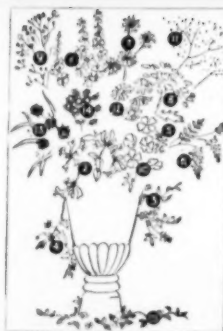
Punch, July 14 1954

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



(1) *Rosebay Willow-herb* flames in woodland clearings, on railway embankments and on bomb sites, deserving a better name for such splendour. In Sweden it is called 'Herb of Heaven'. (2) *Honeysuckle*, hated by foresters for twisting and strangling young trees, is in sweet-scented flower. Another creeper to blossom this month is (3) *Old Man's Beard*, common mainly in the south. Garlands of (4) *Woody Nightshade* were put round bewitched pigs and horses. (5) *Betony*, on woodland margins, was anciently used against forty-seven diseases. (6) *Sainfoin* sprawls exquisitely on chalky hills.

By roadsides look now for blue wheels of (7) *Chicory*, and gold buttons of (8) *Tansy*, the leaves of which are spicy and refreshing when crushed, for (9) *Nipplewort* and the garden-like (10) *Musk Mallow*. (11) *Wall Lettuce* is out; so are (12) *Corn Marigolds*, or 'Golds', the prettiest of arable weeds. (13) *Bur-reed* looks exotic by streams and ponds. Around old farmhouses (14) *Feverfew* grows aromatically, perhaps on walls or on gravel, once the housewife's standby for temperatures and headaches before the days of aspirin. (15) *Brambles* are still blossoming for the autumn crop of blackberries.



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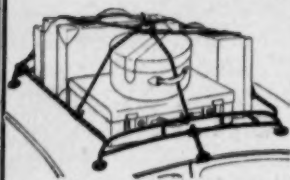
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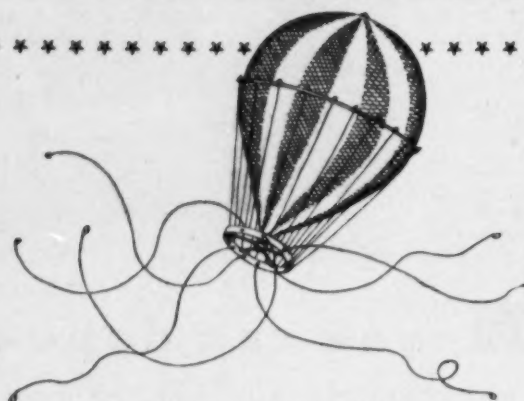
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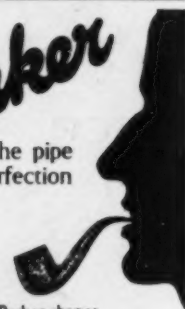
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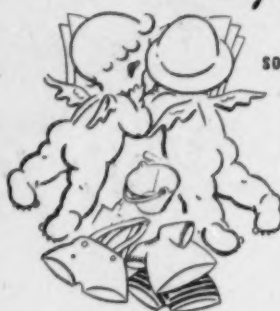
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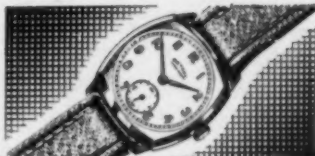
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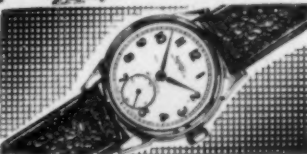
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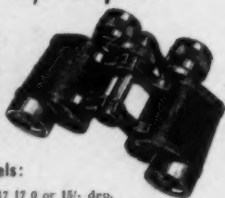


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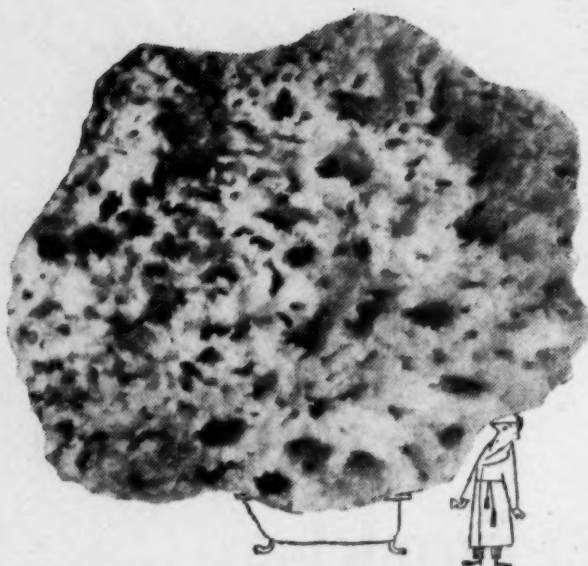
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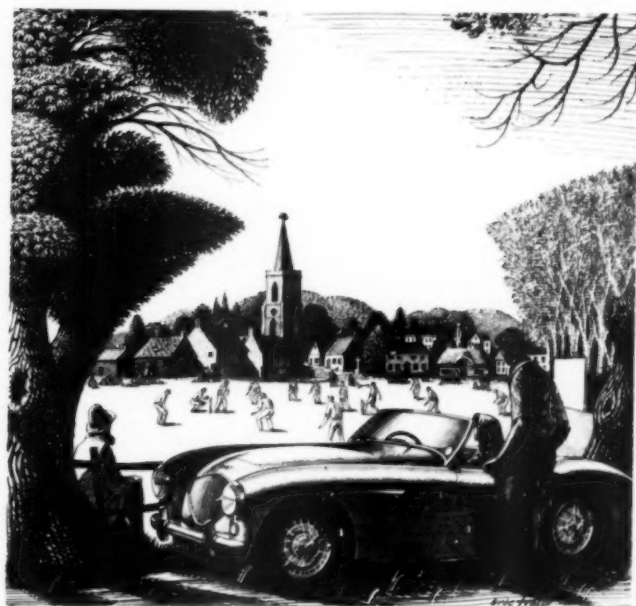
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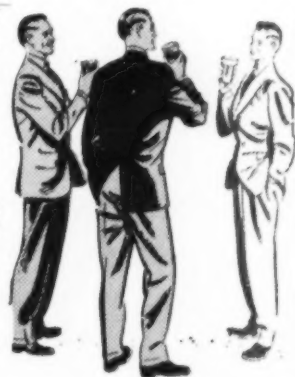
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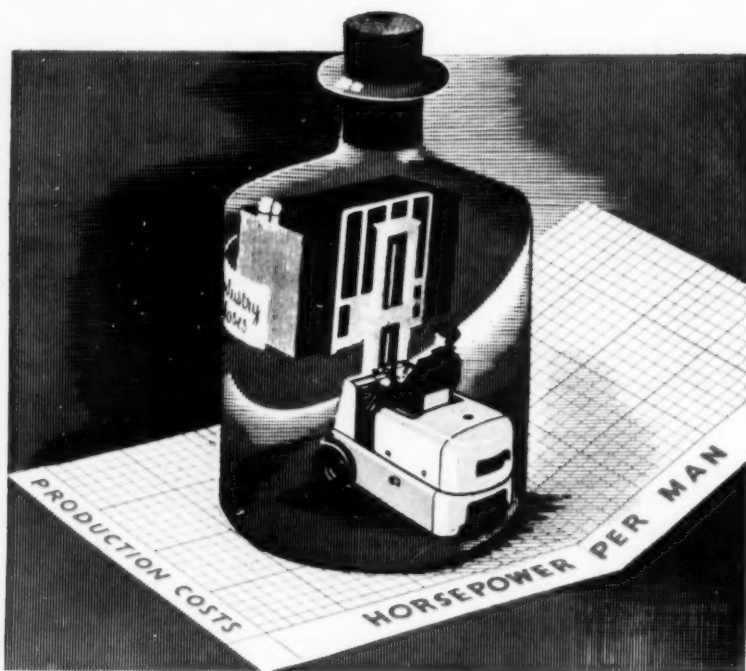
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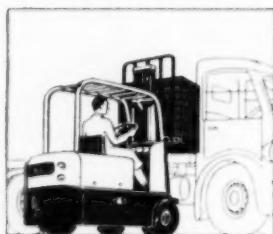


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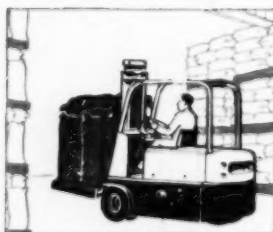
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